

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1870.

A DAUGHTER OF ISHMAEL'S.

BY MARY HARTWELL.

NOW you must not suppose that Phebe Dulip was an Arab. I would make her distinct to your mind's eye, sorting carpet-rags in an Ohio garret—a rich-tinted, half-formed being, at that awful period when the young woman wriggles in the chrysalis of the little girl. Perhaps it was the discomfort of this period that so tightened a look of defiance which had grown upon her face, that it fitted like the skin. For she was riding through this desert world with her dark front set to the winds and sands, and her spear set to the noses of all she met, as grimly as ever rode tawny-hided Bedouin. It is half-pitiful, half-ridiculous to see Ishmael in such little shapes.

Phebe Dulip's father and mother had been a very good pair, more innocent than most young people, rich in nothing except in their love for each other. They were slow to believe evil of anybody; their door opened easily to whatever hand. They spent much of their probation riding around in a one-horse buggy to publish their goodwill among an army of relations, and such time as they spent not thus was employed in moving from one little house to another. They did good in their day and generation by merely planting Eden in so many spots. For wherever they tabernacled, their home was paradise.

Oh! these child-people who get all the May out of life, the good smell from the blossoms, the balm from the winds, who are like grass, green, and tender, and lowly! they don't accomplish wonders any more than do this year's swards; they are only refreshing. They are the development of unsalted benevolence. They will do to write a pastoral poem about. But I must confess they will not do very well to found a family or a state on.

Phebe's father professed to be an attorney. That he was in some way tangled in the law is

made plain by the fact that his little competence took unto itself wings and flew. The flitting did not kill the good man, however. He submitted to it as comfortably as grass submits to the nightly disappearance of the snow; bedewing himself with a few tears, he crept on over his mother earth. The pair might have been riding around to-day in their one-horse buggy, had not cholera suddenly carried them off at the happy moment when there was nothing more to spend. They departed in as tranquil a manner as their conveyance, the disease, would allow, having sent their goods before them, and carrying their content with them. Their offspring, Phebe, became sole heiress to their circumstances.

This little brown girl became the sorriest of respectable wanderers. She was tossed from one family to another, having no abiding-place, was member of no household, a hanger-on. Our human nature has tender spots, but those tender spots are for the touches of "our own." To be sure, she had a guardian, who looked at her occasionally, and saw that she was still in the body, and that her body kept in motion. Phebe Dulip learned early that she wasn't anybody's "own," so she set her hand against every man, and every man, by indifference, set his hand against the child.

I'd rather be hated than to be merely neglected.

This garret in which you see her is a close place, with dusty sunbeams like yellow-hot rods heating it up, and the sweet odor from old clothes in various barrels scenting it up. Here she wrought out the behests of Mrs. Juniper, who owned the garret and the house under it, and Phebe, too, for the time being. The hot afternoon kept stepping back and back into the west, while she kept overhauling the alien garments with Ishmael-like ferocity. It was long

before she finished and could sit down by a square hole in the gable-end to cool herself.

Phebe was not unpleasant in her appearance. Though her dress was a faded print, she had put it on neatly; her boots were well-laced, her short, black hair was trained prettily back from her forehead; the nails on her small, dark fingers were clean and white. A woman in any circumstances, if she has a reasonable amount of woman nature, will make herself a wholesome being.

Now, having reached that age when, according to Jean Ingelow, romance takes possession of the feminine mind, Phebe Dulip made Spain-castles while she squatted by the window. They might properly be called Ishmael-tents in her case. She saw herself putting her slender heel socially across the neck of every woman who had boxed her. By some revolution of things she gained power to play Herod with all the babies she had ever dragged. Or she saw herself walking in wondrous beauty on the hearts of men—ah! how firmly she could put her boots down on such a pavement! Phebe's life had been blessed with one glimmer of novelty. Two years before, during the war, she had received a letter from some unknown friend. The letter she had read in secret, learned by heart, and burnt. She repeated it sitting by the cubby-hole in the gable.

"MISS PHEBE DULIP: You will be surprised to receive a letter from a stranger. But I shall probably not be a stranger to your future. Your father was my friend, and I want to be his daughter's friend. I have just found out where you are. If I survive this struggle, you will see me. If not, you may forget this letter and the man who intended good to you. I write in haste."

There being no name signed to this, Phebe, who invariably and naturally made her hero of the only man who had ever professed interest in her, gave him names according to her humor. When above par, he was General Gilderoy; when her spirits and consequent estimation of things were depressed, she used for him the tender synonyme, Peter Drivole. She marched him through her head in shoulder straps, and made him adopt her for his child, open a wondrous future to her, and draw all the unused cords of her heart around himself; or she whipped him through camp for an insulting, sentimental puppy. Phebe abhorred sentimentality.

She always dispelled her air-castles with a contemptuous sneer. "Humph! that's all nonsense, and I know it!"

The knowing that these sugar-towers are not sugar is what takes the sugar out of life.

Sometimes we fall into unaccountably tender moods, and look back over the pleasant things of our lives as if our feet were turned that we might pick up forgotten blessings. Phebe, as the wind cooled her, fell into such a mood. Her fancy having no longer to play Atlas to the future, stepped as daintily as a dandy over the uncouth present, and lifted the little world of her past. She saw a time when she said her prayers to her mother, and believed that God would answer the prayers. Phebe was not as devotional as most women. What influenced her I will not pretend to say, but she suddenly put her hands together, looked up with a most childlike face, and whispered—

"Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread." Here she stopped to name all the ingredients of the bread her nature craved. "And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors." She began honestly to wipe out old scores, when Mrs. Juniper added another grief to the list by screaming up through the stairway and her prayer,

"You may come down now, Phebe, and draw the baby out in his cab!"

Phebe came down, with not quite so devout a mind as St. Peter carried from the house-top.

"You flabby little wretch!" said the daughter of Ishmael to the young son of the oppressor, as she wheeled him before her, "I believe you are the ugliest baby I ever had to push!" She looked at everything with a severely critical eye. She did not love anything in these days.

Up and down her usual beats Phebe trundled her charge, until she brought up a halt to watch the sunset from the bank of the creek that bounded the village on one side. It was a high bank and afforded a fine view. While she and young Juniper were so occupied, a gentleman sauntered up and added himself to the group. He was tall and blonde, with a clear-cut face and bushy hair. Phebe was somewhat astonished, on turning about, to find him standing near, with arms folded and eyes pleased, looking at the sunset.

"Good-evening," said he, noticing her presence courteously.

"Good-evening," replied Phebe.

"You have a pretty little village."

"Ya! ya!" cried young Juniper, perhaps with some vague idea in his baby mind that

he, as a son of the land, ought to acknowledge the compliment. Ishmael's daughter said nothing. The gentleman regarded her attentively. She was so accustomed to strangers that she hardly heeded the presence of this new stranger. Having finished his scrutiny, he said—"I have a message for you."

"For me?" cried Phebe, looking up with an eager flush.

Her pavilions suddenly hoisted themselves in vast proportions. Could he be her soldier hero in search of her? Was there romance in the world after all? But General Gilderoy shrunk to the proportions of Private Drivole, and then disappeared altogether, as the stranger looked into her eyes and asked with tender interest—"Are you a Christian?"

Now Phebe did hate cant. All the bread of life that had been offered to her was mouldy bread, and she sniffed at the faintest scent of it.

I told you she was lacking in devotion. Indeed, her experience had not called out upon her all the blossoms of virtue (with which some men claim it is our sole function to adorn ourselves, who deny us a comfortable animal existence and insist that we are vegetables). Therefore, though the stranger asked his question with engaging simplicity, she was grievously annoyed, as well as disappointed.

"One of those *agents* or something, and is going to make a tract of himself and read himself aloud for my benefit?"

She set her neck squarely, and replied, "No, I'm not!"

The stranger met her gypsy face and old, defiant eyes with compassion. Upon which the daughter of Ishmael magnified herself and her reply:

"I wouldn't be. I hate whining. People who lose their property and can't get anything more out of this world always turn religious. And sick people are always religious; the sicker they get the more religious they get. I know a woman that has spells of rheumatism and religion; she sends for the liniment-bottle and the Bible together. It's so sentimental! I'd just set my teeth and go through!"

Her stored-up observation and wrath, enlarging the hole which the messenger's little, pointed question had made, thus poured out their eloquence:

"You needn't tell me about it! Besides, Christianity isn't the thing; it's money!" hinted Miss Ishmael, with a gleam in those sharp eyes of hers that had not watched the tents of Isaac for nothing.

"There, now!" she deigned a glance at the gentleman she had settled.

He was smiling a broad, good-humored smile.

"You're a forcible little woman, aren't you? But now tell me, my child, if you do not believe there is a good God who discerns between hypocrites and just, and who loves to answer our prayers?"

"I've said my prayers for fifteen years," testified the young patriarch, sitting deliberately down to a discussion, "and what good does it do? Old Mrs. Muggins says to me God answers our prayers by making everything beautiful around us; the sky so blue, the grass so green—humph! That isn't what I asked for. I can't live on grass—I a'n't an ox! Yes, there is a great, calm God, who sits above and sees how we have to suffer, and when we die, maybe He takes us to heaven, and maybe He doesn't!"

"Tell me what you asked Him for, my child!"

"It's none of your business! You are not an angel sent to inquire!"

"But I am sent to inquire. Some people have prayed longer than fifteen years, and their prayers have at last been answered."

"I don't mind telling you. It was for a home and some one to like me."

Phebe pulled up a handful of grass, and looking toward the stranger with a softer expression on her countenance after she had given him this confidence, she tossed it up to please the baby.

"Now, listen to me. You have a friend that loves you. He loved your father. And for the love he bears your father and you, he determines to save you from a wretched life. He offers you a home, a loving heart to rest on, and advantages, some of which you cannot now understand. And he will take you to this home just as quick as it is possible to do so."

"Oh! yes," said Phebe, with a backward stroke of her brown hand, "I've heard it all. I s'pose I believe it with my head!"

"But it is no parable. I asked my first, abrupt question to find if we have a common ground of confidence; for I want you to trust me. I have been to your guardian, and have obtained his consent to take charge of you. Your father did me a dear service once." The gentleman paused and smiled with half-shut eyes. "In this country of ours, the boy to whom you give a penny to-day, to-morrow may reach out the executive hand to you. I'm not president, however, but I am one of the president's captains, and I have come to take you

home to live with my mother and me, little Phebe Dulip, if you will go."

She scanned him with the sharp look of an Arab who has seen mirages before.

"Did you write me a letter from the army?"

"I did."

"Do you mean just what you say?"

"Yes."

Phebe drew a long breath. It occurred to her that the prayer she had prayed that afternoon with all her might, was answered. Her eyes filled up—she was very still with emotion.

"Do you think you would like to go?"

"If you will take me, sir."

"Come, then, and say you are glad to see me!"

Phebe got up, and went and gave him her hands.

"I can't understand it all," she whispered tremulously. "I don't see why——"

Neither did Master Juniper see a why for all this scene. He set up a yell, and Phebe turned to quiet him.

"There! you darling little flabby," she crooned, accompanying her voice with most humane caresses. "He isn't such an ugly baby after all—he has pretty eyes."

"But I can see the other now," continued Phebe frankly, coming back to her friend—"about—Christianity. I believe it with my heart. This somehow makes it plain."

—
All the rest of you, daughters of Ishmael, be comforted. You overworked women, you half-paid teachers, who bedew with your own vitality the rising crop—all you poor sisters who are forced into the arena of the world, and go holding up the skirts of your purity with one hand to contend for your bread with the other, against a gallant knight on horseback who would just as lief ride you down as not because you are out of your sphere, because you ought to be riding behind some other knight—I say, be comforted.

Some One sees it all; He never loses sight of you, though you do of Him. He is surely coming to make your best life the gladdest of realizations if you will have it so. He may come in the darkness, or He may send a shining before Him.

But in the mean time, whether you work on to the end darkly, or whether the shining meets you, I beseech that you help one another. Do not wrong your class by giving currency to that sweet sentiment coined by the lips of well-housed, thoughtless women—"We are scandalized by all this noise about the 'woman's ques-

tion;' why, women are perfectly contented as they are!" I have observed with shame that every woman is "perfectly contented," excepting where the tight shoe pinches her.

I say again—Ho! ye wanderers outside the tents of Abraham, be comforted. And comfort ye one another.

AGNES.

BY MINNIE MARY LEE.

WALKING over life's rough pathways,
Treading o'er uneven sands,
We chanced to catch each other's glances,
Chanced to clasp each other's hands.

Then the thought within us awakened,
And the faith grew sudden strong,
That each heart unto the other
Did in love and trust belong.

He was gentle, brave, and truthful,
Wise, and resolute, and good,
Fit to be the guide and ruler
Of my weaker womanhood.

Oh! the hours of blessed sunlight,
Days and months of sweet first-love;
Oft we said the very angels
Have not more of heaven above.

But a fate rose up between us,
And our ways went far apart,
And a gulf that had no crossing
Swelled and surged between each heart.

He hath been a wanderer lonely,
East and west, and up and down—
I at home remaining, only
Thinking of my heart's lost crown.

Thinking, how on earth I never
More shall meet my parted love—
Thinking that in heaven forever
Will be sweeter, holier love.

Now they call me Sister Agnes,
For I go amidst distress,
Cheering up the heart that's breaking,
Bringing balm to wretchedness.

If the days are dull and dreary,
And the nights bring but unrest,
If the years grow long and weary,
As life's sun goes down its west—

Then I say—O soul! be active,
Work, nor pause upon thy way;
So thou'lt mount the pathway shining,
Leading to eternal day.

Youth and beauty, oh! how fleeting,
Earthly love, alas! how vain—
Nothing real—nothing certain,
Only heaven is worth our gain—
Heaven only hath no stain.

FARTHER FROM THE MISSES FITZ-NOODLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WATCHING AND WAITING."

HAVE you forgotten our report of the Woman's Convention, and of Miss Lucia Dalrymple's definition of woman's rights given in the HOME MAGAZINE for December, *Anno Domini* one thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine?

I dare say you have, and it will be necessary to ask you to review that article before proceeding to this, written in fulfilment of a promise of which it is somewhat embarrassing to have to remind you.

The colonel says that in these days, when everybody writes, any one who can succeed in getting a book or magazine article twice read is on the high road to fame. If the colonel is right, might not a little stratagem to secure such an end be considered excusable?

You remember—or you will when the whole story is told you again—that we were deeply impressed by Miss Dalrymple's views of our rights and wrongs, approved, as they very evidently were, by the colonel, even under his playful pretence of opposition; and we meant, even as we said, in the sudden uplifting of our thoughts, to escape the thrall of the feverish, fashionable life which held us, body and soul, in slavery never fully realized until that moment, and to have some higher aim and nobler ambition in the future than had animated us in the past. We really meant it, you know, and we parted with the Dalrymples and went away with our new-born aspirations fluttering in our hearts like young, unfledged birds that want to fly before their wings are grown. Just what we were going to do we did not clearly know; our purpose was wonderfully indefinite, but all our thoughts and impulses were reaching out blindly after the larger life of which we had caught a breath while Miss Dalrymple talked.

The next person on our list for morning calls was our dear friend Frivoli Flutterby, and in the midst of our lofty musings, Thomas, obeying our mechanically given directions as we entered the carriage, reined us up to the door, and we were presently exchanging gushing exclamations of delight with that voluble young lady, who declared with the most charming *empressment* that it was a whole age since we had called on her, and that she was positively dying to see us, which assertion, considering

the fact that we never found her in better health and spirits, and that we had called on her only the week before, is not to be taken too literally.

"Young ladies do, sometimes, say rather more than they mean," we once admitted to the colonel, who was using our profuse style quite pointedly.

"But," queried he, with that curious smile of his, which would be sarcastic if it were not so very bland—"but, do they ever mean more than they say?"

Frivoli was a creature after our own heart. Coming into her atmosphere after our late exaltation, we felt, I fancy, just as a flying-fish must feel plunging back into the water after his brief aerial flight. We were in our native element again, swimming gayly with the tide, and our upper-life experience was as thoroughly forgotten for the moment as though it had never been.

Frivoli had just received the dress she had ordered expressly for Madam Bonton's forthcoming party, and it was such an exquisite affair, and so delightfully extravagant, that we went into extasies of admiration over it, with the reserved thought, however, that we would go straight to our dressmaker on our return home, and leave some additional orders for our costumes preparing for the same occasion, which should completely eclipse Frivoli's splendid plumage in the Bonton exhibition.

To have heard us discussing for the next half hour, with the most animated interest, the merits of puffs, and plaits, and ruches, and quillings, and flounces, and trains, and tunics, and bows, and sashes, and all the floating, foamy, shimmering mysteries of evening dress—except, perhaps, corsages, of which fashion kindly relieves us of the trouble of thinking by decreeing that there shall be none, or next to none—you would not have believed that there were any objects in life of higher significance, and calling for a more profound exercise of thought, than the stylish and elegant arrangement of silks, satins, gauzes, tulles, laces, and illusions; or that a little time before we had been glowing with aspirations and ambitions which these things could not satisfy. We would not have believed it ourselves. It was the strangest, most incomprehensible thing to us,

when we remembered it, how we could have passed so swiftly and easily from one mood to another so entirely diverse in spirit. How was it possible to live in a single hour two lives in direct antagonism to each other? How could one person be so distinctly two—or how could three Fitz-noodles be so distinctly six—in desire, impulse, and intention? Questions of too metaphysical a character for the grasp of the Fitz-noodle intellect at that period, though later exercise has lent it some strength for such wrestling; and strivings after truth have resulted in the concentration of a few rays of light on this and other matters.

We see that in the infinite sweep of human possibilities there are capacities lying like great tracts of wild, beautiful, unimproved land, to which we hold no title-deeds, and which we know only by names half forgotten, and without significance to us, until some moving, magnetic power, like that which the Dalrymples exercised over us, bears us into their vast solitudes, and we feel the stir and thrill of their silent forces working mightily within us, and the impulsion of thoughts and aspirations new and grand; but because we have never appropriated these glorious capacities, and wrought them into deeds, we can no more abide in them when we first rise to a consciousness of our possible possessions, than a bird can sustain itself in air, and we slip by natural gravitation back to the dead levels of life, where, coming again into that which use has made fully our own, we experience a glow of delight which separates us for the moment from the exalted life in which we only breathed and did not act.

But when we have once risen to those sublime heights, though we may tarry but briefly, we are almost, nay, absolutely, certain to ascend again and again, until we have obtained a foothold there; and so we, after that lapse into our old life, could not remain content with it, but began to feel creeping dissatisfactions with its vanities from time to time, and spasmodic longings for something better and higher, but not clearly defined to our minds. I don't know whether there was really more to suggest it, or whether we were more attentive to such suggestions, but scarcely a day passed in which we were not reminded, in one way or another, of the petty, frivolous nature of our aims, and rebuked for the waste of power which might be devoted to the pursuit of infinitely more worthy objects.

The colonel and his sister took good care that we should not lack for stimulus to carry

our newly inspired views into practice, calling on us very frequently, and always managing to lead the conversation into channels which, undirected, our thoughts never would have found, and where they crept somewhat timidly at first, conscious that they were straying a long way from home, and mirroring indistinctly objects new and strange, but gaining strength, and courage, and freedom, growing fuller, and going farther, until it happened sometimes, before they could get back into the old, warm ruts to which they were accustomed, we were surprised into some speech or act quite foreign to the spirit of our false conventional life, and to the characters we had developed therein. Our first betrayals of this sort frightened us a good deal, the bugaboo, "What will folks say?" threatening us with terrors more dreadful than the lions roaring in Christian's way; but we found ere long that we were not singular in our experience, that the Dalrymple influence was working through our whole set like leaven in a mass of dough—though until quite recently that was too unfamiliar and vulgar a figure of speech for us to use understandingly.

The colonel and Miss Lucia were like sowers after the plough of the Convention, casting in seed that stood one chance in a thousand of finding again the life that it lost.

But Belle, though grown daring enough to act conscientiously and independently in one or two instances, could not venture on so heroic a flight as the dismissal of her fashionably dissolute and worthless admirer. He was so handsome, you know, he flattered so sweetly, he was such a favorite with the ladies, waltzed so divinely, drove such a splendid turn-out, kept such an elegant establishment, was so lavish in his expenditures, reported to be so fabulously rich, and so altogether a good fellow, and an excellent catch, that a Fitz-noodle could not resign him without a struggle.

So many allowances could be made, too, for any little deviations from the prim, prosy path of rectitude in one so brilliant and fascinating as the dashing Alphonse Montpensier—a prince, a count, or something distinguished, you understand, but altogether too devoted to our Republican principles to retain his title, although "Count Montpensier," sweetly syllabled by his fair adorers, seemed to ravish his ear and tickle his pride immensely, I observed. It wouldn't do to draw the lines too close on such a man. Perhaps he drank a glass too much sometimes, perhaps he loved a game at cards, perhaps he kept his mistresses, and had his private in-

trig
did
the
fact
ficti
mar
ever
also
such
cia
by
of
topic
with
cuss
the
and
"C
this
spir
the
cat
such
gardi
I don
like
for
men
my
conce
by
Luc
press
straig
thoug
things
It is
tablis
on its
dation
"I
makes
"if th
erty."
man g
evil p
its pro
the fac
est and
be pur
And w
a sepa
make
'Thou
shalt n
bitious

trigues—well, well—half the men in society did the same, and nobody thought the worse of them. Belle always argued as if these notorious facts about the gallant Alphonse were possible fictions, and she covered them with the broad mantle of her charity—not broad enough, however, to cover the derelictions of his victims also.

"A lady has no business to be meddling with such matters," she declared one day when Lucia Dalrymple was present, and the talk turned by accident, as it appeared, on the responsibility of women for the morals of society—a grave topic indeed for us, who had never been used, within the limits of a fashionable call, to discuss any more serious affairs of this life than the latest imported styles, the newest scandal, and the recent, or impending, party.

"One doesn't expect a man to be a saint in this world," she avowed with more than usual spirit, attributable, I knew, to her interest in the person whose cause she was blindly advocating. "For my part, I never could hold to such prim, old-maidish notions as some do regarding the habits of their gentlemen friends. I don't fancy these masculine Miss Nancys. I like a bit of dash and devil in a man, and as for insisting on the same code of morals for men and women, it is perfectly ridiculous, in my opinion. A larger liberty has always been conceded to the former than to the latter, and by right, I think."

Lucia Dalrymple lifted her delicately expressive eyebrows. She has a way of looking straight through all conventional modes of thought to the eternal, immutable principle of things, which is very shocking to us sometimes. It is exceedingly disagreeable to have an established opinion undermined, and left rocking on its foundation, or, rather, without its foundation.

"I don't think it is 'by right' that any man makes a beast of himself, Miss Belle," she said, "if that is what you mean by his 'larger liberty.' 'Liberty!' a word sadly misused. A man given over to lawless indulgence of his evil propensities knows nothing of liberty in its proper sense; he is the most abject slave on the face of the earth, self-defrauded of the highest and holiest right of humanity—the right to be pure, honest, and in the image of God. And why, pray, should men and women have a separate code of morals? Did the Lord make any distinction in giving the law? 'Thou shalt not kill; thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not commit adultery;'—are these prohibitions to women more than to men? Is the

violation of the law a greater offence in the one than in the other?"

"Well, yes, in the eyes of society, you know," began Belle.

"Never mind the eyes of society," said Miss Dalrymple. "God has given you eyes of your own; open them, and see for yourself. Where the same motives are involved, does sin wear any darker shade in a woman than in a man?"

"It appears blacker," evaded Belle.

"We are not talking of appearances, but of facts," persisted Lucia. "Is it blacker?"

"Really, Miss Dalrymple, I think so. Only look at the consequences," and the Fitznoodle hands were uplifted with horror. "A woman sins once; and then she goes on from bad to worse until she sinks unreclaimed and unreclaimable to the lowest depths; a man commits the same offence, but it doesn't degrade him; he is just as much honored and respected in society as he was before. Proof sufficient, is it not, that man is less defiled by sin than woman?"

"Proof sufficient that false education leads to very serious errors and fatal consequences in our treatment of sinners," answered Miss Dalrymple. "Why does a woman go on from bad to worse until she reaches the lowest depths, as you say? Because society virtually pushes her on by refusing to help her back, or to acknowledge that it is possible for her to withdraw from the downward road and recover her lost estate, however sincere her desire and earnest her endeavor. And why does a man commit a like offence and suffer no degradation, or loss of honor and respect? Because society assumes that vice does not degrade him, and opens wide its arms to receive him out of the mire wherein it tramples his victim; because Miss Fitznoodle admires 'a bit of dash and devil' in him, and smiles her admiration in his face, until, alack! some unhappy day she finds under matrimonial rule the admired 'dash and devil' a bit too much for endurance, and desperately applies to be divorced from it.

"But do you suppose that the pure eyes of Almighty God so regard the iniquity of the one and not of the other? Surely, I believe, if the Divine love is not equally tender in the judgment of sinners, it inclines with softer pity toward the woman, because she, governed wholly through her affections, and tempted through these, sins the more ignorantly and impulsively, man's higher, but too often perverted gifts of reason, and powers of persuasion, corrupting and misleading instead of ful-

filling their God-appointed end of uplifting and directing her.

"But I am not pleading woman's cause in sin; she has no business with it; no more has man. Both are bound equally to obedience of moral and spiritual laws, to purity and uprightness of life, and neither can do wrong without involving both in the consequences, for they are together. Until this truth is fully recognized and thoroughly wrought out in action, there can be no true relation between the sexes, no appreciation of a true relation, and social institutions must rest on an insecure basis subject to upheavals, strifes, divisions, chaos, and confusion. All these are trite, common-place facts," concludes Miss Dalrymple. "I wonder that I have spent so much breath in presenting them just as if they were new to you."

Now you may suppose this little speech delivered in the dogmatic, self-assertive, half-offensive way that some folks have in pressing opinions contrary to yours. Nothing of the sort. Lucia Dalrymple assumes that she is only telling you what you knew and felt before, and her voice is so soft, her manner so sweet, her influence so magnetic, that she melts, and moulds, and converts you to her beliefs, at least for the time that she is talking, and you feel no spirit of resistance.

Belle gave up the argument for that day, and though I cannot say that she was sufficiently moved by the conversation to venture on any different course of action in relation to the matter discussed, I did hear her not long after administering some milk-and-water reproofs, made very sweet, to the courtly Alphonse Montpensier. I wonder she wasn't stricken dumb in the act; she looked as if she expected to be.

That distinguished personage turned on her with a ravishing smile, and bending low, touched his bearded lips reverently to her hand, then looked at her again with worshipful eyes that said so always would he kiss the hand that smote. The noble Alphonse is so gracious, and so sweetly deferential in the society of ladies; you would think he regarded them as nothing less than angelic, and was ready on the instant to suffer at their command the tortures of the rack, and to lay down his life for their sakes; yet there is a something in his look that gives me of late an impression of meanness and cruelty, and I have a feeling that the woman who puts herself wholly in his power will find him, in private, a petty, exacting tyrant, demanding in earnest a ten-

fold return of his pretended devotion, of which spurious coin the reverse side is abuse. But a woman in love would not be likely to observe this something in his look which I have blundered so in explaining, and Belle, if she is not in love, believes that she is, which amounts to the same thing, you know.

"My precious girl," says this possible scion of noble or royal stock, swallowing Belle's homœopathic and delicately administered dose of reproof with infinite grace—"you smite me on the right cheek, and see, I turn to you my other also. Of course, I have my vices. Most men have. We are coarser-souled, tougher-fibred creatures than women are, and cannot be judged by the same rule, nor soiled by the same evils. Coarse earthenware may be put to baser uses than delicate porcelain. I can pass unscathed through fires which would burn you, my sweet saint, black as a cinder. I can wade unpolluted through muddy waters which would drabble, befoul, and despoil you, my dainty, fragile flower, of beauty and sweetness forever. You must not imagine because the fine, white texture of *your* soul would be sullied and destroyed by habits in which men freely indulge, that the looser, grosser fabric of mine will suffer in a like degree. Oh! there's no comparison between us, my angel. I am only human, but you, you—my adored one—are divine."

And another devout kiss pressed upon the adored one's hand finished the business. Belle was completely overcome. That's the way they do it, brethren and sisters. If a woman finds fault, stop her mouth with a sugar-plum. She will put up with anything—call her angel and adored one. By-and-by, when she can't help herself, perhaps, it will do to bid her mind her own business when she meddles.

I, Lily Fitz-noodle, am growing wondrous wise. But Belle had ventured on a bold step for a Fitz-noodle. Berenice would not have dared so much, and Lill would have asked to be fresh-primed with Dalrymple instructions before taking such aim. For you know we would once have considered it highly indelicate and improper for a lady to speak to a gentleman regarding his vices—the true Fitz-noodle instinct of delicacy, while permitting us to associate freely with those whose unclean lives are imaged in eye and lip, in speech and gesture, never suffering us to recognize the signs. We might patronize amusements of doubtful morality, and follow unblushingly customs essentially vulgar; but to speak an open, unequivocal, straightforward, uncompro-

misgiving word in behalf of virtue and decency—
 what shocking immodesty!

I took occasion at our next meeting with Miss Dalrymple to repeat in substance this little speech of the gallant Alphonse.

Belle flushed a lovelier color than she could find on her toilet-table. I complimented her on her discovery of a new cosmetic.

"Lill Fitz-noodle, I blushed for you," she cried hotly. "An eavesdropper and a tell-tale. For shame!"

"I didn't eavesdrop. I sat in the window cutting the leaves of the last *Gazette*, and you might have seen me if the Montpensier mustache hadn't filled your eye. And I'm not telling tales, I'm only verbally reporting the philosophy of a fascinating man of the world, with the view of calling out Miss Dalrymple's opinion."

My sister Fitz-noodle glanced shyly at that lady. "You don't think the argument unsound, or without force, do you?" she said deprecatingly.

Queen Lucia smiled. "I wouldn't like to speak for your friend, Belle," she said softly, "but I must confess that, as a rule, I think men who reason that way are rotten to the heart, and cannot be trusted. The claim that they may sin with impunity leaves them, in the absence of any natural repugnance to evil, without safeguard to virtue or honor, and the assumption that they are not to be judged by the same law that we are, gives them the effrontery to flaunt their vices in our very faces, and even to plead with us in extenuation of them. I would have asked Alphonse Montpensier, my dear Belle, how such a gross, vile creature as he, by his own admission, could have the audacity to approach, with love proposals, a being so divine as he believes you. What sort of union does he suppose there can be between an angel and a satyr? What kind of partnership is that to which one brings all the stock in virtue, purity, and good-behavior, and the other brings nothing that can unite with these in a communion of interests and profits? Would he put 'coarse earthenware' and 'delicate porcelain,' as he phrases it, cheek by jowl in a house and expect them to keep it pleasantly together? How does he think to reach you through fires that would burn you to a cinder without some touch and taint of soot with which you, so easily blackened as he claims, cannot safely come in contact? And after he has waded through 'muddy waters' which would 'despoil' his 'dainty flower,' can he pluck and wear the flower with the mire upon his gar-

ments; can he plunge back into the dirty pool with the flower in his bosom, without offence to that 'beauty and sweetness' which he fondly chants?"

Poor Belle! she found the critique of her admirer's speech as unanswerable as she had found the speech itself, but a certain twitching of the eyelids, and pursing of the lips hinted her displeasure, and Miss Dalrymple, whose way it is to press her point swift and sharp, and then leave it, without feeling for its effect, began to talk of something else.

A new weight of evidence, however, was soon to be brought against the brilliant pseudo-count by a witness whom I must make haste to introduce, as my space, I see, is narrowing fast. It takes a Fitz-noodle some time to learn the value of space, Mr. Editor.

Some months ago, pa spoke to us about a new clerk in his establishment whom he regarded very highly, and whom, as he was a stranger in town, he would like to bring home with him occasionally to dinner, and to spend an evening, if we had no objection, fearing that the friendless fellow, without the influence of something like home pleasures and associations, might fall in the way of tempters and be led into evil.

That was just like pa. We lifted our hands with a horrified "Did you ever?" As if we were going to put ourselves on a social level with friendless clerks, and receive and entertain them as honored guests! What an idea! We laughed at pa's absurdity until he was glad to drop the subject, and we forgot all about the ridiculous proposal until a short time ago, when it was unexpectedly renewed by—whom do you think?—no less person than our influential friend, Colonel Dalrymple himself.

We were out shopping—Berenice and I—and running into pa's salesrooms, we encountered the colonel on some errand for his sister, who detests shopping, and knowing always precisely what she wants, orders the article without ado, to the infinite relief of lazy clerks, who would like, if they dared, to deprive us of the refined pleasure of fingering all the handsome fabrics in their departments only to discover, when the last piece has undergone our manipulations, and their discomfited heads are no longer visible behind the heap of dry-goods between us, that there is really nothing in their line that we want.

We stopped to chat a moment near the door, and while so engaged, a young man passed us and went up to the rear of the store—not that we should have observed an incident so trifling if the colonel, who had marked the passer keenly, had not invited our attention.

"There is a person," said he, "who might be benefited by your influence, if you are philanthropically inclined."

We opened our eyes.

The colonel smiled. "Don't you see?" he asked.

We confessed that we didn't.

"He looks, this young fellow, as if he were beginning to feel the chafing fetters of evil habits," said the colonel, "and yet he has a good, noble cast of countenance, though indicative of a trifle too much susceptibility, perhaps. Probably, as is the case with a great many who come here for employment, he has not a respectable woman acquaintance in the city, and without literary or artistic tastes to lead him, by their refining influence, out of the way of temptations to coarser pleasures—for human nature craves enjoyments of some sort, you know—he is very likely to lapse into evils from which the society—if only occasional—of true womanly friends might rescue him."

"But what have we to do with him, Colonel Dalrymple?" Berenice asked. "He is not in our circle, you know."

"He is in your father's employ," returned the colonel.

"He might be in Jones's, Smith's, or Brown's," I answered wonderingly. "What is the difference with us?"

"In the broadest sense there is no difference, I suppose, except that the work nearest home is the first to be performed," said Colonel Dalrymple. "I hold that it is every man's duty to look after the interests of his employees; and not unfrequently the members of his own household may render him material assistance in the discharge of this duty, if they choose to exercise their power."

Berenice and I looked at each other, but we didn't lift our hands and cry, "Did you ever?" as we had done at pa's proposal. It wouldn't do to call the colonel absurd. However, we made quick resort to our old argument.

"You don't expect us to put ourselves on a level with such persons, with their vulgar associations, Colonel Dalrymple?" we said with great severity, and with crushing emphasis on "such persons."

The colonel smiled—that peculiar smile of his, which seems to shine straight through us, and play like lightning around our cherished foibles.

"Put yourselves on a level," repeated he slowly, as if he were weighing separately each word. "That is one of the phrases supposed to comprehend a great deal, but which in

reality means nothing at all. There's no such thing as putting on a level. Knock out the artificial props, and pull down the partitions of false distinctions which society builds, and people will very quickly find their proper levels without 'putting.' Some of your whiskered and perfumed drawing-room pets, if the scaffolding of impudent pretension were knocked from under them, would find a much lower level, I fancy, than this poor young man to whom you cannot condescend. You ladies of society lead about poodles with a string, and drive the noble mastiffs into kennels."

Well, we thought over what the colonel said, and we concluded after we got home that we must try and see what we could do for the "poor young man."

So we described him to pa as accurately as we could, mentioning the department we believed he was in. And what do you guess? Why, it was the same clerk in whose behalf pa had tried to enlist our interests so many months ago, and to whom we had positively refused hospitality.

"I don't know as he will come now," pa said, in response to our low-worded, reluctant permission to invite him; "and I don't know as it would avail anything if he should. The young fellow is getting unsteady and inattentive to his business of late, and I have had half a mind to give him warning of dismissal. It is doubtful if you can do him any good now—if you ever could," parenthesized pa *sotto voce*, and a little contemptuously; "but if you choose to undertake it, I will invite Clarke Lester to come home with me to-morrow."

We pouted our consent, and the Lester came. A shy, quiet young man, but more self-possessed and much nicer-behaved than we had expected to find one so unaccustomed to good society. (That's another phrase which attracts the lightning of the colonel's smile.)

But, really, we didn't know what to do with him—our visitor, I mean—how to amuse him, and put him at his ease, and make him feel that he was a truly welcome guest. It was difficult to find any subject to build conversation upon, and if by accident we did strike a theme which we could make a few words out of, we, between us, soon ran it quite dry, and came again to an embarrassing pause. We couldn't discuss the last party nor the opera, you know; we couldn't permit sentiment, and we couldn't condescend to nonsense; and as there was not a gentleman of our acquaintance with whom we ever talked anything not nonsensical, sentimental, or fashionable—except-

ing, of course, the colonel, who leads us always on untrodden ground—you can conceive our perplexity in finding topics of conversation on this occasion.

I don't know how the "poor young man" enjoyed himself, but I'm afraid very illy, indeed, for when, at his departure, we expressed the hope that he had found us sufficiently entertaining to repeat his visit at an early day, he thanked us very politely, but he did not feel at liberty to intrude often on our hospitality, and bore us with his dullness, which was partly of nature and partly of ignorance and inexperience in matters which, to be an agreeable companion to ladies of fashion, he would need to understand. Belle thought he must have meant the art of paying a decent compliment, of which he certainly was extremely ignorant if this was a sample of what he could do.

A day or two later Colonel Dalrymple happened in. The colonel always *happens* in, quite informally, like a country neighbor. When he first began to visit us, he told us, point blank that he would not be received in state, that if he could not come for a friendly chat right into our living room—if we had any such—he would not come at all. He had had enough in his life of waiting in cheerless drawing-rooms for ladies to put on their back hair, and an extra flourish and blush to receive him, and he didn't mean to submit to such treatment any longer. And so, after that, we endeavored to keep our back hair in order for the unknown day and hour when the eccentric colonel might appear.

On this particular day, in the dull season of Lent, he found us, in the absence of more exciting matters of thought, quite busy with some articles for a fancy fair, and in his usual unceremonious fashion he sat down among our velvets, silks, wools, braids, beads, and patterns with the easy freedom of the brother whom he had sometimes asked us to consider him.

"Smoking-caps and tobacco-pouches," commented he, glancing at our work. "Well, well, when the only beings in whose eyes we care to look fair, and to be clean and decent, unite in petting our vices, what absurdity to torture ourselves with trying to overcome them."

And lifting the crimson, gold-tasselled cap from my hands, he set it atilt on his handsome head, and elevating his feet to a neighboring chair, threw himself back luxuriously, and puffed at an imaginary cigar in our tracing pencil with that perfectly nonchalant, indolent, impudent, self-satisfied, devil-may-care, lookout-for-yourself, and don't-bother-me ex-

pression which struck me at the moment I had never seen on any human face but that of an inveterate tobacco user.

"Charming picture, isn't it?" he said, seeing my look of disgust; "with a thing like that on his head," taking off the cap and surveying it, "and a hookah in his mouth—a man with my present surroundings might fancy himself the prince of a seraglio, with all his houries about him."

We had been fervently wishing the colonel would come, that we might report to him the ill-success of the last venture into which he had led us; and not fancying the present matter of comment—or, rather, not fancying the colonel's comments—we hastened to turn the current into a new channel by a highly extravagant and detailed account of our effort to entertain the "poor young man," whom he had commended to our regards, and the very unsatisfactory result of our pains.

Colonel Dalrymple listened with deep interest to our recital, leaning forward in his chair, from which one of Berenice's inevitable tides, disturbed by the movement, dropped down upon his shoulder, gracing it like an epaulette. Perhaps the thing annoyed him; he got up and replaced it carefully before making reply, tangling his feet, as he turned about, in Berenice's wool and cotton, out of which, spider-like, she was spinning more webs; for Berenice at that time was in a raging anti-macassar fever which, without speedy abatement, threatened to exhaust the last pattern, and run into the nightmare of invention. Extricating himself from this snare, the colonel nearly upset a stand of flowers which, being of our own construction and coloring, we valued more highly than any of the Lord's manufacture, as was evident from our having none of the latter in the room. In correcting that blunder, the man managed to knock one of those elegant gilt annuals, chiefly prized for their binding, from the table to the floor, and in restoring that, he displaced the mat on which it should have rested, and overturned and disarranged half a dozen articles of our skill and handicraft with an awkwardness which we began to think must have, like Hamlet's madness, a method in it; for in all our acquaintance with the colonel we had never seen him make so many ungraceful moves.

"Don't let me be so presumptuous as to rise again," said he, sinking impotently back in his chair. "Your rooms are comparatively free from these man-traps, but I have been in houses where I had to steer like a man-of-war, or more aptly of peace, between Scylla and

Charybdis, in all manner of "fancy work," saving myself out of the vortex of the one only to be dashed helplessly on the other.

"One need but glance thought the lady's pattern and fashion books to see to what extremity, in these days, the feminine mind is driven for occupation. It is astonishing to think how much nerve and energy—not to speak of capital in time and money—are spent in the creation of articles in dress and ornament which, so far from appealing to any sense of the beautiful and harmonious, are positive violations of good taste, and an offence to the eye trained to any appreciation of true beauty and harmony. Not that I would decry or undervalue ornament, but only its excess, whose effect is the exact reverse of that designed. A lady ought to know—and she does if she chooses to remember—that no adornment of her person can cover or atone for her lack of mental attractions; that she herself is the chiefest ornament of her rooms—not by virtue of what she wears wholly, nor yet by the skilled industry of her hands, but by those cultured graces of mind and heart which attract and draw out all that is best and noblest in those who enter her rooms, and does not permit them to depart until they are spiritually warmed and fed, comforted and uplifted. But the lady who makes dress an avocation, and devotes any possible moment that can be spared from that engrossing occupation to those wonderful productions, included under the general head of 'fancy work,' who selects her books with reference to their covers and their appropriateness for table ornaments, who considers it unfeminine to know anything about matters of public interest, and disgraceful to cherish a principle conflicting with established usage—why, she may be a companionable creature for the brainless coxcomb of her set, and with pretty exclamation and witching pantomime entertain him very sweetly; but when she is required to play hostess to a man—say like our friend Lester—who is not practised in the art of small talk wherein the male of her species is an adept, and who does not know how to flatter gracefully, and to lead out with a skilfully turned compliment, or, perhaps, on account of his inferior station in society, does not presume so far if he does know, she is at her wit's end to find anything to talk about, and racks her brain vainly for suggestions and ideas with which her education in worsted work and toilet arts has not furnished it. In a word, she is very much in the dilemma in which you confess yourself with the Lester—she don't know what to do with him."

We had begun to see the drift of the colonel's long digression, which was not a digression after all, but a plump rebuke, and much more sharply pointed than any he had ever given us before. Surely, we thought, the colonel must have come with the intent to make himself intensely disagreeable that day.

"So," I cried hotly, "you had a double motive in commending Mr. Lester to our favorable notice—not to serve him merely, but to teach us a lesson."

Colonel Dalrymple turned about with a frank, kind smile, whose properties, this time, were less electric than magnetic. "A man never should presume to teach a woman," said he. "He is certain to make rude, blundering work of it. Are you offended, Miss Lill? Forgive me. Forgive me, Miss Belle—Berenice."

It was impossible to refuse his frankly outstretched hand. If there is any honor or truth in one, it has to answer to the Dalrymple appeal, and we felt impelled to acknowledge the fairness of the hit, and to take it in good part.

"But what now, Colonel Dalrymple? The 'poor young man' will not come again, and will never taste the fruits of our knowledge—for, of course, we shall set ourselves at once to the getting of wisdom, and we begin already to count the effect of our gains."

"Gather in a few of your choice friends some evening, and invite the young man," said the colonel. "He will come."

We elevated our eyebrows. "Our friends would feel insulted, Colonel Dalrymple."

"Would they?" queried our imperturbable guest. "Mark the ones that feel insulted and don't invite them again."

"Well, Colonel Dalrymple, we will name Thursday evening for our sociable," I said. "Consider yourself bidden."

The colonel bowed graciously.

"And bear our invitation to Miss Lucia," said Belle.

"With pleasure, and I venture to accept for her, too. And Belle," he added jocosely, "be sure to invite 'Count' Alphonse Montpensier."

"Of course," returned Belle, bridling.

My impatient reader, I am coming to it. You must not expect a Fitz-noodle to make her point without a wide sweep, and infinite detail, any more than you could expect her to appear in a dress without multitudinous and elaborate trimming. I don't know but I shall have to leap my enclosure in Mr. Arthur's literary garden, and trespass on my neighbor's flower-plot to finish my story; but if my neigh-

bor will forgive me, he or she may plant posies in my borders another time.

As the colonel had prophesied, Clarke Lester came promptly on our invitation for Thursday evening, and, really, under the genial influence of Miss Dalrymple, who was also present, he was quite another person from our guest of the other day. In fact, so superior was the conversational talent developed by Lucia's gentle tact, under which his reserve was thoroughly melted, that we were actually quite proud of "Mr. Lester," though a little nervous lest some whispered inquiry regarding his social position should be broached among our dozen guests, who seemed to think him a pleasant addition to our circle. With one notable exception—Alphonse Montpensier, who, I had noticed, when Lester was introduced, started visibly with seeming alarm, or, more probably, haughty surprise, and, beyond a very stiff inclination of the head, had deigned no recognition of his presence.

Later in the evening, however, the Montpensier, less gallant and gracious than usual, for some reason, came up to me, and levelling a suspicious look at Lester, who was standing near in conversation with the colonel, asked superciliously—"Who is that person, Miss Lily?"

Before I could respond, "that person" turned abruptly about, and looked Montpensier significantly in the eye, to the manifest confusion of the latter, whose swarthy flush and averted glance betokened a degree of disturbance which seemed disproportioned to the trifling accident of having his remark overheard by its insignificant subject.

"A friend of ours," I replied with dignity to his inquiry.

"Ah! excuse me," whispered the "count," twirling his mustache; "but so many impositions are practised on society, that we need to be a little cautious about receiving new claimants to our favor and courtesy, and to inquire, somewhat into the merit of their demands."

Somewhat, though this was uttered in a very humble, apologetic tone, there was a covert insinuation in the words which angered me, and made me more distrustful of the man than I had ever been before.

At the earliest opportunity, I drew Clarke Lester aside, where I could talk with him unheard.

"Now, then, Mr. Lester," I said with a resoluteness that abashed me, "tell me the meaning of the look you flashed at Alphonse Montpensier just now."

He colored with surprise.

"Really, if I looked at that gentleman with any meaning, it must have been contempt, possibly astonishment at his audacity," he responded quickly.

"So I would have interpreted it," I said. "But why?"

"I beg you to excuse me; I do not wish to speak of your guests," he returned coldly.

"But, Mr. Lester, I have reasons for questioning you," I urged.

"Is your happiness concerned?" he asked, smiling.

"Indirectly, it is," I returned.

"I would not have credited the man with honesty to woo a lady of fortune for herself alone," said he; "but since knowing the lady"—he paused with a low bow—"I am inclined to reverse my opinion."

Really, the Lester was improving; but for once I was unmoved by a compliment.

"Stay here," I commanded, pushing him into the alcove near which we were standing; and, returning to the room where Miss Dalrymple was enchanting our guests with her glorious voice, I sought out Belle, and with some whispered excuse drew her away to my waiting prisoner.

"Now, Mr. Lester, tell us what you know of Alphonse Montpensier," I said grimly.

"Indeed, Miss Fitz-noodle," he remonstrated, "this is hardly the time or place for such revelations."

"Tell us," I insisted resolutely, for I had thrown myself completely overboard in this matter, and was swimming bravely without help or thought of precedents, to which I had always clung.

"Well, since you command me, I have only to obey," he returned. "In the first place, I know that the man's name is not Alphonse Montpensier, and that the handsome mustache, and the foreign accent, and sundry other becoming disguises, are assumed with the patrician appellation, and thoroughly distinguish him from the person who, in quite a different circle from that in which the elegant Montpensier moves, is familiarly known as Bill Jordan."

"Oh!" gasped Belle, who had been gaping at us in astonishment.

"I know that in his true character he is a professional gambler and swindler, and that the money which Alphonse Montpensier spends so lavishly is gained by Bill Jordan through robberies as atrocious as those of a highwayman and freebooter."

"It is false," murmured Belle, ready to faint, and leaning against me for support.

Lester looked at her compassionately. "I wish it were false," he said; "but unfortunately I have too good reasons for knowing the truth of what I tell you, as he is well aware, and he naturally fears me. Probably he has never met one of his victims in 'high life' before to-night, and he cannot answer for the consequences. His decoys are usually sent out to strangers in the city, or to those who never by any imagined possibility can come in contact with him in his assumed character, and he has so far escaped recognition. Does not Alphonse Montpensier have frequent calls away from town?"

We admitted that he had.

"That is when he relapses into Bill Jordan, and becomes the active proprietor of his gaming tables, where, by arts unknown to the uninitiated, thousands are transferred nightly from the pockets of his dupes to his own overflowing exchequer. In betraying him I am also exposing myself. For several weeks I have been a frequenter of his gambling-rooms, and being known as the confidential clerk of a heavy firm, I have been assailed by temptations which I am extremely doubtful whether I should have had strength to resist if, when they were pressing the closest, the accepted hospitalities of my employer had not made it impossible for me, without total loss of honor, to betray his generous though unmerited confidence."

I felt as if I had heard enough, if I had got to keep silence regarding the matter for the remainder of the evening, and leaving Belle quite limp and crushed, to recover herself under the soothing influence of Lester's sympathy, I was hurrying back to our guests when I came upon the discredited Montpensier hovering darkly in the shadow of the door.

A glance at his angry, discomfited face showed me that he had been an uninvited listener to Clarke Lester's disclosures. "Eavesdroppers never hear any good of themselves," I sneered.

"Miss Lily," said he, with infinite pathos, overlooking my taunt, "is it possible that you will allow an old friend to be traduced by a malicious enemy without an attempt at defence?"

I glanced into the room beyond us. Miss Lucia was still playing, and the guests were mostly gathered about her out of range of our voices.

"Mr. Jordan," I said, "we will not mind to

discuss the matter. Here is an excellent opportunity for you to make your exit unperceived. There is the door. In the hall you will doubtless find your hat. You need not stay to make your adieus."

"Miss Fitz-noodle, let me explain," he began desperately.

"Not a word," I interrupted, convinced by his disconcerted air of the truth of Lester's story. "I will not parley with such as you. If you do not quit the house quietly this moment, I will summon Mr. Lester to repeat before the whole room the story to which you have been surreptitiously listening. Choose, instantly."

The fellow turned purple with suppressed rage, and looked at me as if he would like to have eaten me on the spot, but evidently thinking discretion the better part of valor, he wheeled with a muttered oath (think of it!) and shot straight as an arrow through the door, which he has not entered since.

"Bravo!" whispered the colonel at my elbow, though I had thought him at the other end of the room.

"Colonel Dalrymple," I said, turning fiercely upon him, "did you know the character of that man?"

"Not fully until to-day," he answered, "though I have long suspected it. Come," he added, in a soothing voice that had a wonderfully quieting effect on my excited nerves, "we are going to try a new song, and want a little of your help."

"I don't know," I panted, hesitating.

"We shall not require much of you," he whispered, leading me toward the piano, "and the music will compose you."

It did. I felt like a heroine, and my voice soared triumphantly in the highest notes.

At the close of the song there was some inquiry for Montpensier among the guests, who were scattering again through the rooms; but the colonel's prompt information that the gentleman had been suddenly called away, seemed to entirely satisfy them.

I was beginning to feel alarmed about Belle when she made her appearance, looking quite tranquil, though very pale.

Lester, serious and silent, stole from time to time, a solicitous glance at her.

It is an absurd thought, of course, but wouldn't it be curious if Belle should exchange a count for a clerk?

—♦—
WOMEN have been elected as superintendents of public schools in several towns in Vermont.

SONG OF THE SAW.

BY GRACE LEAVENWORTH.

BUZ-A-Z-Z-Z whirr-r-r z-z-z-r-r-r buz!

That's what Will declared it said. I know better; it might have said Buz-a-z-z-z at first, but it ran into something else after awhile.

That was a wonderful saw-mill, and it sang wonderful songs. The mammoth oxen, with their huge necks, brisk tails, and large, meek eyes, brought in the giant old trees from the "forest primeval," dead giants they looked, stretched out on rough biers with all their robes of state stripped off; naked, and gaunt, and stiff, but giants still. And then the saw-mill would commence its song; no dirge over the fallen heroes, but a prophetic chanting of the future of every house whose timbers it shaped.

The day that it sawed out Charley Tomkins's house, the machinery would not work well, and this was what it sang—

There's no light step on the door-sill,

There's no kiss within the hall,

"It's a bread-and-butter wedding,"

Not a bit of love at all—

—Whirr-r-r—jerk!—tz-tz-tz—not a bit of—
buz-z-z-z—Bread and butter wedding, not a bit of love at all. Here ensued a snapping and the machinery broke down. Started again—

The fireside is not covey

More than that, it is not clean,

And the air's perfumed with codfish,

And the only light that's seen

Glimmers from the smoky chimney

Of the dirty kerosene.

Oil lamp—(whirr—buz-z-z-z—snap—jerk)—

And Charley's awful cross

For the coffee tastes like gall.

"It's a bread-and-butter wedding,"

Not a bit of love at all.

But when the saw-mill squared the timbers for the new dock, it sang quite another ditty—
The world's a world of business, and there's no time for play,

It is work, work all night and work all day.

Work while the lanterns shine on beams so high and dizzy—

Buz, fuz, business, all the world's busy;

Busy, busy business; busy, busy business, all the world's busy.

Rattle, rattle, falls the ore down into the pockets;

Glimmer, glimmer, fall the lights as deeply in their sockets;

Drudge, drudge, toils the drudge, yet not a bit faint-hearted;

Toll, toll, the passing bell, a steamboat has departed;

Chut, chut, chut, consequential little tug

Leading up a stately schooner—

Here followed a dull sound of uz. It might have been the stopping of the machinery, or

the greeting of an Indian guide, who entered just then and conferred with one of the loggers on the subject of snow-shoes.

At any rate, the dock timbers were squared, and now long, thin boards were being turned out to a sort of "Rattle his bones over the stones" rhythm, and the foreman remarked that that timber was going to a cheap coffin manufactory in Detroit.

Then succeeded a buzzing sound, like the turning of myriad spelling-book leaves, and the hum of many a five times five are twenty-five, five times six are thirty; five times seven are thirty-five, five times eight are forty—Caucasian, Mongolian, Indian are various kinds of men—Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer—Jane had a fat hen. Evidently a school-house going up now.

Now as the heavy mouldings for the queer, old book miser, Aristotle Greedyreader's library were roughly blocked out, the saw sang a more subdued song—

The long slant beams in golden streams,

Flash through the quaint, small panes,

Fall on the long, white hair of the man who counts as only a miser can,

Who stealthily counts his gains.

With trembling fingers, reluctant he lingers

Before the shaded nooks,

And loving caresses the strong oak cases

Which guard the hoarded books.

In sooth, the collection was costly and old; yellow books worth their weight in gold,

Stolen from some ancient crypt,

Books rare, and precious, and richly bound; books which elsewhere could not be found,

And gorgeous manuscript.

Now, while the flooring of St. Luke's Hospital was shaped, the buz of the saw was like the hum of the city, borne through the high, grated windows by the warm, faint air, which flooded the long corridors and spacious wards, languidly lifting the moist locks from brows knotted in agony. Silently, the Sisters of Mercy passed from one cot to another; pressing the cooling cup to parched lips, with their soft hands smoothing the tangled gold locks of little children, or straightening the tired limbs, and closing the weary eyes of those who would evermore rest from their labors, drawing the linen over the faces of the sleepers.

"Where on their pallets they lay like drifts of snow by the wayside."

And the shadows from the grated windows made the sign of the cross on the floor at the foot of each sleeper.

The rough boards which formed Aunt Nancy's rude cabin, were fashioned, too, at the mill. When the work was done, the noisy song which rang through the mill was wonderfully like the clatter which at all times pervaded Aunt Nancy's domicile. Indeed, had you with closed eyes listened to the saw, you could easily have fancied yourself in the low-browed room, with its board wall and ceiling resplendent with whitewash, a monument of the skill which Aunt Nancy's oldest son, 'Lijah, exercised in his profession. In what bold relief the little darkies stood out against the white walls, and how many there were of them, how they bubbled up like ink spots everywhere, and swarmed from under the bed like cockroaches, imitating on the clothes-line stretched across the room the performances on the slack rope at the last circus. While Aunt Nancy, seated on the floor before the embers which smouldered in the smoky fireplace, hugged her knees with her withered arms, watched the hoe-cake toasting on the coals, and crooned away to herself in a cracked voice—

"Nobody knows de joys I has,
Nobody knows but Jesus;
Nobody knows de troubles I has—
Sing glory hallelu.
Sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down,
Sometimes I'm lebel wid de groun',
Sometimes de glory shines aroun—
Sing glory hallelu."

Then as one by one the rafters for the Rink were fashioned—

As the keen saws flashed
And their quaint jaws clashed,
Sure a merry laugh rang out,
And bright-eyed girls,
With flying curls
Echoed the skater's shout.

Flirting and skating,
Skating and flirting
Is jolly; now do you think
There is aught so nice
As a turn on the ice
In that delightful rink?

Then as the flooring was made ready for the new church, surely there was heard the reverent tread of worshippers, coming and going, coming and going, and angels walking between.

Then a sweet, dear tone of a Sabbath bell,
And voices hushed as they crossed the sill,
And footsteps pattering low—
The solemn chant of the sweet-voiced choir,
The light from stained windows, which fall like fire
As the sunbeams come and go.

Our day at the mill was ended.

DRESS OF CHILDREN.

THE chief cause of infantile mortality is not more the weather or foul air than the ignorance and false pride of the mothers. Children are killed by the manner in which they are dressed, and by the food that is given them, as much as by any other cause. Infants of the most tender age, in our changeable and rough climate, are left with bare arms and legs, and with low-neck dresses. The mothers, in the same dress, would shiver and suffer with cold, and expect a fit of sickness as the result of their culpable carelessness. And yet the mothers could endure such a treatment with far less danger to health and life than their tender infants.

A moment's reflection will indicate the effects of this mode of dressing, or want of dressing on the child. The moment the cold air strikes the bare arms and legs of the child, the blood is driven from these extremities to the internal and more vital organs of the body. The result is congestion, to a greater or less extent, of these organs. In warm weather, the effect will be congestion of the bowels, causing diarrhoea, dysentery, or cholera infantum. We think this mode of dressing must be reckoned as one of the most prominent causes of summer complaints, so-called. In colder weather, congestion and inflammation of the lungs, congestion and inflammation of the brain, convulsions, etc., will result. At all seasons, congestion, more or less, is caused, the definite effects depending upon the constitution of the child, the weather, and various other circumstances.

It is painful, extremely so, to any one who reflects upon the subject, to see children thus decked like victims for sacrifice, to gratify the insane pride of foolish mothers. Our most earnest advice to all mothers is to dress the legs and arms of their children warmly, at all events. It would be infinitely less dangerous to life and health to leave their bodies uncovered, than to leave their arms and legs as bare as is the common custom.

A new theory of sleep has been propounded by a French professor. His idea is that sleep is the result of the deoxygenation of the system; and that a person becomes sleepy as soon as the oxygen stored in the blood is exhausted.

MISS RYE, who brought seventy poor English girls to Canada, last October, has found good homes for all of them, and is going back to England for one hundred more.

BURKE.

BY C.

EDMUND BURKE, by his originality and genius, secured for himself a prominent and worthy position among men of letters and eminence. He was born in the city of Dublin, on Arran Quay, January 1, 1730. His father had been educated to the profession of the law, and carried on a very large business as an attorney. His grandfather was the proprietor of a considerable estate near Limerick, and resided there in affluence, much esteemed and respected for his ancient lineage and unvarying kindness and good will.

The education of Edmund Burke was carefully attended to. He was not sent to school at an early age, being of a delicate frame, but he received instruction from his mother, who was a woman of cultivated intellect and excellent judgment. He applied himself to his studies with ardor and industry, but after a few years the country air was thought necessary for his health, and he was sent to a classical academy in the county of Kildare, at the head of which a worthy member of the Society of Friends presided. Burke always retained a sincere and grateful respect for this old teacher, and often alluded to him in after life as "an honor to his sect."

At school he was not anxious to display his powers, but his superiority among the boys of the establishment was apparent, and duly recognized.

His rare faculties were proudly appreciated by the learned Quaker, who foretold that they would ultimately conduct him to fame and fortune. His brother, Richard, was witty and gay, and was generally regarded as the more brilliantly endowed of the two brothers, but their father perceived the superior wisdom and energy of the youth who was to be the terror of oppressors and the champion of the injured. Even while a boy, he showed a peculiar sympathy for the poor and desolate, which began then to flash forth with promising brightness and warmth.

Burke entered Trinity College, Dublin, in 1744. He did not seek opportunities of proving the might of his genius, but silently made himself master of that universal information which he afterward exhibited in forms so grand and magnificent, and when the proper time arrived, he was able to speak with correctness

and eloquence on any subject that presented itself. Long before Burke left the University, he had been enrolled as a student of law, but he was in no haste to keep the terms. He resolved to go to London, believing that by industry and ability he could secure honor and independence. He engaged in literary labor on his arrival there. He wrote essays on various political and literary subjects for daily and weekly publications, and studied with great diligence; and though his industry was unceasing, yet his income remained small.

It is impossible to work incessantly without impairing the health; and a severe illness caused him to apply to Dr. Nugent, a physician of skill and talent, for medical advice. Nugent kindly invited Burke to reside at his house while under his treatment. The invitation was accepted, and the care of the good doctor and his interesting daughter soon restored him to health.

Miss Nugent was an amiable and agreeable companion; their mutual esteem and affection resulted in a happy marriage, and their lives were made useful and beautiful by the union. In after life, when cares and anxieties oppressed him, he often declared that all his troubles departed when he entered his own house.

Now, with a double motive for exertion, Burke applied himself with energy to business, and published his "Vindication of Natural Society," and soon after his "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful," which last so pleased and delighted his father that he immediately sent his son a hundred pounds.

Burke now became celebrated. Dr. Johnson declared him to be the greatest man living. He became the private secretary of Lord Rockingham, and a member of Parliament. He made his first speech on the bill for repealing the American Stamp Act, with an eloquence which excited the admiration of all present, and caused the Earl of Chatham to give him valuable praise.

The same day that Burke made his first speech in the House of Commons, the first Pitt made his last speech, and some of their hearers were in doubt which of them was the more splendid speaker; but before two years had passed, Burke had established his oratorical supremacy.

A few years before Burke entered Parliament, he purchased a pleasant villa near Beaconsfield, where he could enjoy rural privacy, and be surrounded by the wonders and works of nature, of which he never wearied. As a country gentleman, he exerted himself to the utmost to ameliorate the condition of the peasantry among whom he lived; he was daily earning their blessings by the schemes he devised for their benefit. He enjoyed the respect and admiration of his numerous guests. His hospitality was overflowing, though he neither affected style nor studied display. He regaled them with substantial fare, and delighted them with cheerful and entertaining conversation.

Burke was a diligent writer, and many of his works were published. In 1790, his "Reflections on the French Revolution" appeared, which agitated all Europe, and for it the degree of LL.D. was conferred on him by the Dublin University.

He held many offices of trust and responsibility, and for many years that of paymaster-general. For his long and faithful services, the king bestowed on him a pension, though he was rich. He buried his only son, a youth of great promise, and in a few years followed him to his eternal home.

Burke died July 8, 1797, and was buried in Beaconsfield church, where a plain mural tablet has been erected to his memory.

DELAFIELD, WIS.

DREAMLAND.

BY KITTIE CONSTANCE FILER.

SILKEN eyelashes
Pressed on its cheeks,

Sleeping the baby lies,
Rocking away
Through the bright day,
Till the wing'd sunlight flies

Over the mountains with roseate gleams,
Dreaming no worded dreams.
Only the face of sweet mother smiles faintly,
Crowned with a wreath of brown hair braided quaintly;

Only the touch of her minist'ring fingers,
Like breath of an angel's wing over him lingers.

Rocking away
Through the bright day,
Dreaming no worded dreams.

Weary eyes closed
Over the world,
Over its joy and care;
Tanned boyish face
Pressed 'gainst the lace,
Pillowing his brown hair,

While o'er his slumbers the crescent moon beams,
Dreaming sweet childhood's dreams.

There is a mother's face bending above him,
Faces of friends and of comrades who love him,
Bright spots of meadow, of moor, and of fallow,
Silver-waved brooks shaded by the marsh mallow.

Resting his face

'Gainst snowy lace,

Dreaming sweet boyhood's dreams.

Over his cheek

The brown curls creep;

Closed are his eyes on the day;

Strong manhood's face

Says with still grace,

"I'll conquer all, come what may!"

Through the closed lattice the silver moon gleams,

Watching o'er manhood's dreams.

White is the face that is hov'ring above him;

Death claimed the mother that once used to love him.

Death—"But another was raised up to cherish,
In place of the loved one who lived but to perish."*

'Tis manhood's face

Of powerful grace,

Dreaming strong manhood's dreams.

Closed, weary eyes,

Faltering lips

Quivering with long-drawn sighs;

Breathing away

Through fading day,

Till the last sunbeam dies.

Over the river the flash of wing gleams

To the keen sight of dreams.

Only the face of an angel smiles faintly,

Crowned with a wreath of brown hair braided quaintly;

Only the touch of her minist'ring fingers,
Like breath of spirit-wing, over him lingers.

Breathing away

Through fading day,

Dreaming a heav'nly dream.

The sleeping bell

Awakened to-day,

On this drear, darkened day,

Uttering slow

Murmurs of woe,

Tolling its dreams away.

Bright through the morning the summer sun gleams,

Over the bell and its dreams.

Sadly and slowly at dirge 'tis ringing;

One listens not to its mournful singing,

Fallen asleep from all pain and weeping,

Dreaming sweet dreams thro' his peaceful sleeping.

Lying so low,

Out of all woe,

Dreaming immortal dreams.

* These two lines were unintentionally quoted at the time the piece was composed, and as no other can be found by me so suitable, I have let them remain.

WOMAN'S WORK AND WOMAN'S WAGES.

BY AN AMERICAN WOMAN.

WOMEN IN THE TRADES, ARTS, AND PROFESSIONS.

WHAT shall a woman do for a living, who lacks strength to become a domestic, health to become a seamstress, and inclination to be a teacher? The conservative shakes his head, and says: "What, indeed?" She has exhausted the whole list of feminine occupations, and there is nothing left for her to do but to get married. This is, indeed, the sovereign remedy suggested by those who are opposed to any widening of woman's sphere of labor. Only, alas! if this advice is followed, the poor girl is too likely to find that she is expected to be servant, seamstress, and teacher all at once, and nurse and waitress as well. And then if she becomes worn out, or dissatisfied with these multifarious cares, she is coolly asked why she got married if she was not prepared to discharge all the duties direct and incidental, of married life.

"I don't like strong-minded women," said a spirited young girl, "but I do wish when we leave school we could have some object in life besides dressing for parties and angling for a husband." And I know this is the sentiment—though perhaps unspoken—of myriads of young girls. And the most inconsistent part of it all is, that while they are shut off from all other occupations and ambitions, and husband-hunting is made the one object of their lives, propriety forbids them making the least effort, or showing the least anxiety to accomplish their destiny.

When the millennium shall come it is possible that every woman may find herself provided for by a father or husband, who will not only be willing, but abundantly able to take care of her; and when sickness, misfortune, or death intervene, there will be some other male relative ready to step in and take his place, and thus the original intention of creation be carried out that men shall do, while women suffer.

But now things are sadly mismanaged, and in fact, if not in theory, we find it necessary to lose sight of the original plan, while we consider things as they are. There is a vast army of spinsters, who must necessarily remain spin-

sters, because in this longitude the women so far outnumber the men, and we are not yet quite prepared to accept Mormonism as a gateway through which to pass out of our difficulties. Then there is an array, scarcely less numerous, of widows, and another of those who are worse than widows, with invalid, shiftless, drunken, or profligate husbands, who make their wives' burdens doubly heavy. The State does not seem to feel itself called upon to provide for the wants of these various classes, so they must do it for themselves and those dependent on them, just as surely as though they were men. They must be fed and they must be clothed; and though, thank heaven, they are not, as a class, addicted to the expensive vices of the sterner sex, they have certain feminine tastes for refinement or finery, as the case may be, the gratification of which is just as harmless, to say the least, as is the indulgence in the aforesaid vices. If a man's wages are to be regulated with a view to brandy, cigars, and billiards, so should a woman's with a view to ribbons, laces, and jewelry? So that a woman requires no less than a man to support her; and as her right to live is equal to his, her right to work should also be equal.

Thus far I have discussed the three occupations conceded to women as an equivalent for the hundreds in which men may compete with each other. But is it right or fair, considered abstractly, that one half the human race should so crowd and jostle one another in three narrow paths, while there is room and to spare in hundreds of others? I truly believe not; and to the question asked in the opening paragraph of this article, I answer, with a belief and conviction born of long thought, observation, and experience: I would leave all avenues of labor as free to women as to men, yield them the same privileges, grant them the same rights, impose the same duties, and give them the same encouragements. I would, in view of possible events, have every woman educated to be self-reliant, and if necessary, self-supporting. Whatever she learns I would have her learn thoroughly; and I would have that knowledge selected and acquired with a special view to real use in after life. And the manner of this self-support I would leave wholly to herself.

Though others may suggest, may aid by counsel and encouragement, no one can decide the matter for her. The only restrictions I would place upon her, the only limits I would make to her field of labor, are those which nature itself imposes—which her own inclinations and abilities prescribe. Not her nature as interpreted by some man or by some other woman, but her own special, individual nature. Whatever a woman cannot do she will not do, nor is she liable to even wish to undertake; whatever is in itself improper that she should do, there is little probability of her wishing to do. Therefore the fears and doubts which trouble so many minds are all needless. A woman will never become any less a woman for being allowed free exercise of her faculties and full development of her nature. If our women are violets and mignonettes, as some recent writer on the subject declares them to be, they require no board placed over them to keep them from emulating tulips and poppies. Give them the full, free air of heaven, and plenty of space to spread their leaves and blossoms, and they will be all the more beautiful and fragrant. Give them full leave to trail for yards, build them trellices and invite them to climb, train them and try to make them into trees, it will be all of no use, their nature will still remain the same. But if a rose or a lily be among them, do not clip and trim it, and insist that it shall become violet or mignonette. Let it develop all its stately beauty, consoling yourself with the thought that it is only carrying out the instincts with which heaven has endowed it.

To forbid a woman to do that which she has no desire or capacity for doing, is absurd; to compel her to abstain from that which she feels well qualified and anxious to do, is cruel and unjust. It is placing a board over the rose-tree to compel it to keep to the low stature of the mignonette.

Fifteen or twenty years ago, when the subject was broached of women entering the occupations and professions of men, incompetency, physical weakness, and mental incapacity were urged, if not with a show of reason, at least with no apparent unreasonableness, because then the trial had not been made. To-day there are few occupations into which the strong, brave, and resolute ones among our sex have not forced their way. They have proved themselves possessed of courage and endurance far beyond the ordinary, not only by mastering the details of their trade or profession, but also by overcoming the extraordinary difficulties with which they have had to contend.

We are told with all the earnestness of conviction that women have not powers of endurance equal to men. But never was there a greater fallacy. In the adjustment of gifts, men were endowed with strength, women with endurance. Endurance is woman's portion from the cradle to the grave. She can bear greater extremes of heat and cold than man, as any one will discover, who will thoughtfully observe the dress of the two sexes at the various seasons of the year. She will endure sickness and pain silently and almost uncomplainingly; and will still keep on her feet and at her work in suffering that would drive a man to bed and surround him with doctor and nurses. She will endure close and steady confinement at work, and only ask for her cup of tea to revive her; while a man in the same case, unless his principles are of the best, will imagine that something stronger is needed. Whoever heard of a literary lady requiring brandy or cigars to help her in her labor with her pen, or to recruit her system after it was over? Whoever, I was about to ask, heard of a literary man who did not? Let any one enter the studios of our artists and judge for himself whether tobacco, ale or whiskey, might not almost be considered as the necessary belongings to their business. But the studios of our lady artists tell no such tales. It is our male travelers, and not our female, who find it necessary to recruit their systems at way stations from the exhausting effects of travelling. This much for endurance. As for efficiency, when women once learn that they *must* be efficient and reliable, they *will* be; and the only way they will ever learn this is by bringing them in contact with men, and letting them learn, by experience, that if they wish to compete with men on equal terms, they must be ready to accept all the requirements and responsibilities of the situation.

Women have had a hard battle to enter the printing-office, but the tide is turning in their favor, and the victory is the same as won. They are now officially recognized by the National Printers' Union, and even in Philadelphia, where, but a few years ago, women printers were mobbed, a woman has been received as member of the Typographical Union.

In other employments they have had similar difficulties, and are meeting with similar successes. Women telegraph operators are now not uncommon, and their reliability is some thing admitted by all who have no interested motives to speak otherwise. Women clerks and book-keepers are no new thing, their chief

recommendation having been—shame to their employers—that they can be obtained at a cheaper rate than men.

"They take the bread out of men's mouths," and "they are sure to get married and leave their business as soon as they learn it." If both these statements be true, then the latter is a set-off against the former; for if they soon leave their business, they consequently soon give back the bread. But, to consider the bread question, have men a prior right to the bread, that they should have a whole loaf and women none, and do women suffer any less pangs in starving? If so, then the argument possesses a certain weight. If not, it is worth nothing. Some men have families dependant on them; some have not. The same, neither more nor less, may be said of women. And the family of one is as much in need of food and clothing as that of the other. If women who have no dependants are to be excluded from remunerative labor, then let the same rule apply to men. And it follows, in justice to all, in order that the one sex should not injure the other, that in the adjustment of wages, the amount and quality of work should be considered, and not the sex of the worker.

I am not one who wishes to see women driving the plough, felling wood, and engaging in laborious, out-of-door work. There is nothing that the women of America should dread more than to be reduced to the state of women in the peasant class of Europe, where the heaviest and most menial labor falls to woman's share as a matter of course. It is hard enough that the heavy duties of washing, ironing, and scrubbing devolve upon them in the conventional adjustment of things. Even these are of a nature that make them totally unfitted for woman's physical structure, and almost invariably subjects her to the most distressing of complaints. I often vaguely wonder, when I hear the talk about woman's physical weakness and delicacy, and her unfitness to perform the rude and wearisome tasks that are assigned to men, that these chivalrous souls who are so exercised in her behalf do not come forward and offer to relieve her of the drudgery of the laundry, while they vacate their own lighter and pleasanter occupations for her benefit.

The battle has been fought and won in the medical profession; and, paying no more heed to the action of the medical convention recently held in Philadelphia, than it deserves, there is abstractly nothing to prevent women entering here. As clergymen (or clergywomen) they are a success, if we may judge by their popularity

and by the good they accomplish, though prejudice is still strong against them. A lady has been refused admission to the bar in Illinois, not because she was incompetent, for she is acknowledged to be fully qualified, and her paper, the *Legal News*, is received as authority in legal matters, but simply because she is *married*. In Iowa the *bars* have been let down, and the legal profession is left free to women as to men; and in St. Louis there is a lady actually practicing, having passed a most creditable examination. So the three leading professions are open, and it only requires a little courage and perseverance for women to try their capability in these great fields. A single woman, —Miss Anna Dickinson,—has made a triumphant entry into the lecturing field, and left a broad and clear way for all who choose to follow her. Prejudice has yielded here sooner and more easily than in any other case.

Women have for a long time dabbled in the arts, and we have been told that we should never expect them to do more than dabble. Still there have been and are notable exceptions to the general rule, and the number is increasing every day. I do not need to repeat the names of well-known lady sculptors and painters who are proving to the world that women can handle a chisel or a brush.

But the reason that women have not been more uniformly successful is, not that the talents have been really lacking, or the inclination, but that they have only dabbled, and circumstances seemed to restrain them from doing more. Society presents its claims to them. Dress must occupy a portion of their time. Their friends must not be neglected. Their families have a right to their first attention, and when they are ready to turn to art it is only to give it the remnant of their time and thoughts. They do not dare to make their profession the first thing in their lives. Propriety and expediency seem to forbid them tramping out in all seasons and all weathers in all localities, and, I might say, in all sorts of company, to see and study from nature in all her guises. There are a few who have done this, and these few are the successful ones.

Another reason why women are not more uniformly successful in art I think I have already explained in a previous essay. The fault must be laid to a false and superficial education. I will not now go over the ground again; but before feminine talent is entirely condemned, or passed by with a sneer, give the women equal opportunities for learning, and equal chance for practicing their art. As I believe

that masculine and feminine natures are different, but each perfect in its way; so I believe that women will yet prove themselves capable of as great excellencies as men, though differing from them. But the question of greatness, and of excellence, in this or in any other domain of labor, is not now under discussion. Whether the works of women always will or will not prove inferior to those of men, makes little matter practically. The question is this, whether women, being obliged to eat their daily bread, have or have not a right to earn it, especially when necessity seems to compel them. If they are to be excluded solely on the ground of mendicity, the same objection would apply against a vast majority of men. Let the labor be considered and paid for according to the laborer's worth, and then perfect justice will be done.

"But," I have been asked before now, "why all this agitation of the subject? What is to hinder women from taking all these rights, and entering any trade or profession, if they choose, without any ado about it?" Nothing absolutely, if women were all brave, and men all wise. As it is, there is much to hinder. You and I believe in all that I have said. You agree with me that it is an excellent thing if a woman is competent to take care of herself and her family when it becomes necessary. But are you, individually, educating your daughters with a view to all possible contingencies? No; of course you are not. Your sons equally, of course, are being trained as they should be, and some day will make useful and efficient men. But your daughters it is pleasant to keep with you at home. The burden of their support is not heavy, and you can easily bear it for the sake of their company, and the help they are to you. In fact, you do not exactly see how you can spare them, they are so useful to you in so many ways. Would you feel justified in reasoning to yourself thus about your sons? Would not your conscience upbraid you if you were to destroy their future prospects in life for the sake of a selfish pleasure and gratification in their society and assistance? Of course it would. Now, to adopt the words of a recent writer on the subject, "it is adding insult to injury to simply tell a girl, without giving aid or encouragement, that the law will not prevent her from following the pursuit she wishes to, when she well knows that society will stare at her and hiss, like ill-mannered geese; that peacock men with microscopic souls will yelp like dirty curs; and last, but not least, that her time is occupied with domes-

tic affairs, which she cannot leave without being accused of ingratitude and neglect, but which could be hired done, and would be, if she had *happened* to be a boy instead of a girl."

If the right of women to work on equal terms with men, and as a human being, is not recognized, what shall be done with the vast preponderance of women in the eastern States? The disproportion of the sexes is growing larger every year, and some means must be taken to remedy the evil, for evil it is, in its consequences. These women must labor, and if their labor is easy, honorable, and remunerative, they will no longer remain a class to be regarded with commiseration. They will all be merged in the great army of workers, of both sexes, but with identical interests. Then, too, another result is certain to follow. As these women-workers go from shop to shop, from town to town, and from State to State, in pursuit of employment, we will find the number of the sexes beginning to equalize. There will be fewer women in the east, where they are not wanted, and the west, which is calling loudly for them, will become supplied. Then, in the natural order of things, women will find husbands, and men wives.

I know of nothing more revolting to one's ideas and perceptions of womanly delicacy, than shipping women off by the hundred to the western States for the sole, avowed purpose of getting them married. Yet what else can be done with the women, if their single object and vocation in life is to be married, and the women are on one side of a country, and the men on the other? Obviously, if the men will not come for the women, the women must go to the men. But all this offending of womanly instincts will be avoided, if women are taught that it is possible for them to have some other object in life than the securing of a husband. A woman may go to the antipodes in the pursuit of business, and if there she meets the man whom destiny has intended for her, she may give herself to him without confusion, and he may receive her joyfully, thanking the means that brought her to him. If she does not meet him, she may walk on serenely to the end of her life, feeling that it has not been marred by disappointment, and conscious of no shame which waiting without being sought is sure to bring.

There are a certain class who fear that in thus opening wide the doors to women, that they will change their natures and become like men, and that therefore the world will suffer by it. Do these people believe that women are

what they are only because they have no opportunities to be otherwise. A compelled virtue is scarcely better than no virtue. Besides if confinement and seclusion are the proper circumstances in which to develop womanly attributes and graces, the odalisques of the harem ought to be pattern women, but I never heard that they were.

Women, it is safe to believe, will never leave their womanliness behind them, and wherever and whenever they come in contact with men, the influence of each upon the other will be restraining and beneficial. As I have already said, in a previous essay, I would have the two sexes educated together, so in all positions in after life I would have the two work side by side, mutually helpful, and mutually helped.

That everything would not move smoothly in the first carrying out of this plan, it is possible to imagine. Indeed, we know it. The pioneers and heroines in the great struggle for the right to labor can tell us this. But they have fought, and constantly conquered, and other recruits should come forward ready to fight to the end. There may be brutes who, in their homes, abuse their mothers, wives, and sisters, and who, having no particle of chivalry about them, may sometimes venture to insult those women with whom they come in contact in the work-room. But the popular sentiment would always be against them. And it should always be remembered that it is no harder for their workfellows to bear their abuse than for the women with whom they hold domestic relations—probably not so hard. I think, in strict justice, the question should be, not whether the victims should, on their account, be debarred from an honorable and profitable means of support, and from the really beneficial influence of the society of honorable men, but whether the offenders should not be banished from all places where they can give offence, and become the pariahs of society. If strict decorum be required, and the same rigid rules for its preservation be enforced against one sex as against the other, the punishment to fall upon the guilty instead of upon the innocent, there will be little difficulty in the matter. The well-disposed will not be molested, and the evil-disposed will be cowed into submission.

It is not what a woman does, but how she does it, which must be considered. It should be required only that she should do her work in a womanly way. Endurance, rather than strength, is her portion—fleetness and delicacy rather than power—soft, womanly graces, and virtues, instead of masculine boisterousness and

masculine vices. In following the latter course the woman is lowered; in the former, the man who is her associate is palpably, though almost insensibly raised.

The world needs women—true, generous, earnest, wise, and womanly, working women. It needs them in its public as well as its private places, and it is calling for them. Let them come from whatever class they will, let them enter what field they will, they are welcome; and each should welcome one another, uniting in one grand sisterhood, whose object it shall be, not so much to help suffering women, as to show them how to help themselves. And whatever a woman does with all her strength, she is doing not for herself alone, but for her sex, and for the world.

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.—A lady employed a young girl, about fifteen years old, to assist her about her housework, and one day she was making some cake, and wished to put some kind of plums in it; so she set the dish down on the table with the plums, and told the girl to *stone* them. To show her how, the mistress took up a plum and took out the stone, with the remark, "This is the way;" and then, thinking the girl understood what she meant, she put the plum she had into her mouth, instead of into the dish, and went away. What was her surprise, a short time after, when the girl came into the room where she was, and told her she had eaten all she could! The lady went into the room where she had been at work, and found she had put all the stones into the dish, and eaten nearly all the plums. The girl told her that she thought the hard pieces—meaning the stones—would soften up when baked in the cake.

GIRLS.—There are two kinds of girls; one is the kind that appears best abroad—the girls that are good for parties, rides, visits, balls, etc., and whose chief delight is in such things. The other is the kind that appears best at home—the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dining-room, sick-room, and all the precincts of home.

They differ widely in character. One is often a torment at home—the other a blessing; one is a moth, consuming everything about her—the other is a sunbeam, inspiring light and gladness all around her pathway. The right kind of education will modify both, and unite the good qualities of both.

JACQUELINE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER XVII.

IT was the middle of the afternoon. The day had been just such a one as Philip Draper loved, perhaps, above all other days: a day at the ripe core of September—earth and air drowned in still, slumberous sunshine. A great brooding peace, it seemed, at the heart of things, shining outward too, and transforming every object, so that it too held its share in the vision and the glory.

Vast white structures of clouds lay all around the horizon, taking sometimes the shapes of temple and palace, sometimes that of great piles of ruins, shattered pillars and columns, and broken heaps, hustled along the broad blue tracts, and here and there some airy, floating fretwork of mist, which seemed as though it had been torn away by some mad Vandal from a Gothic frieze, where it had been patiently and lovingly carved by a master-hand.

But the day, despite its voices and its visions, had not charmed the soul of Philip Draper. Sometimes, it is true, he had gone to the office door, and looking from the still peace of the river at hand to the holiness of the distant hills, fragments of sweeter thoughts had sprung suddenly into the gloom and disquiet of his mood. Somewhat after this fashion—"Ah God! Thy stillness and blessedness! The glory of Thy hands and the gladness of Thy sunshine across them."

And the thought, no doubt, was a deeper thanksgiving than many a one that is chanted to the rolling of organs.

Still, on the whole, the day had been one of the dreariest of Philip Draper's life. Something clung to his soul like those cold, dismal fogs that cling to north-eastern coasts. He tried in vain to shake it off, but there it was, like a dull, steady pain.

On returning to the office that morning, he found that so far as possible all traces of the riot had been removed by friendly hands, and order and neatness restored. When he made his rounds about the factory, the eyes which followed him—kindly eyes, too, for the greater part—had a puzzled curiosity in them. Evidently this was no ordinary man with which they had to deal. So much, at least, the dulllest of the work-people were finding out.

When the superintendent returned to his

office, he found a note awaiting him from Mr. Weymouth, stating that he would be out during the afternoon, to talk over the recent troubles. On the back of the envelop the young man's pencil scrawled unconsciously a few figures. He smiled to himself grimly enough when he found what these were. He had been multiplying the days of his life by the thirty-seven years which yet remained to round out that circle of three score and ten which, according to David, is the measure of a man's life.

"They go up well among the thousands," murmured the superintendent, looking at the figures with a kind of questioning curiosity, in which yet was some sadness or bitterness.

The outlook was dreary enough. I do not think it is saying too much to compare it to gray reaches of the still desert, the burningsky overhead, the awful stillness around, and the figure of the solitary traveller moving across the dull, gray monotony.

"All those days," said Philip Draper, apostrophising the paper. "I wish you were well over them."

Then better thoughts came. If there was a wholesome sting of remorse in them, better still.

"Don't be a fool, man," they said to him. "Shake off this mood which is of the devil, or if you can't do that, fight it to the death."

"Here you are, turning coward and traitor, instead of making the best of matters, and looking your fate in the face. It will do to get limp and worn and ready to die when you are fairly tided over the sand-bar of your seven years, but not before."

So his thoughts went, stinging and accusing him with a not unwholesome sharpness.

There were various causes which had contributed to this man's mood, and in some sense, at least, excused it.

No doubt the riot had its share in producing this frame of mind. It is never pleasant to a man to learn that he is unpopular even with a minority, and Philip Draper had been taught this of late in a very rough fashion.

Still, the whole occurrence affected him far less than he would have supposed possible himself.

Looking back on it, long afterward, Philip Draper wondered at his indifference at that

time. The truth was, he did not know himself what a long strain this spring and summer had brought him. For the first time he felt a sudden longing to get away from Hedgerows, to put the old town, with its dark-blue belting of rivers, and its distant hills, with their white crapes, of silver mists, far away from him, he rose up, drawing two or three deep breaths, with a kind of sense of suffocation. His soul seemed to pant and cry suddenly within him, for wide, fresh horizons. He thought of the vast reaches of western prairies, with the rush of the cool, free winds in the long, loose grass, of the wild, strong joy of the buffalo hunts over those green, level leagues. He thought of the still glory of the wide nights, when every muscle, aching with the blessed fatigue of the day's ride and tramp. He would lie on the ground, gazing up into the glory of the heavens, until sleep should come softly and fold him away in its hush of blessedness.

"Oh, my God, I wish I was there this hour," said Philip Draper, walking up and down the office, with the broad bolts of sunshine on the floor, and the dreaming of winds in the leaves outside.

He was like a man whose whole nature stirs itself of a sudden, and clears off, at a bound, a paralysis which has clung to him, if one can imagine such a thing. Indeed, he did not realize, until this moment what a subtle weariness had hung to him. He wanted to possess himself again, absolutely, and it seemed to him that he could never do this in an atmosphere charged with the presence of Jacqueline Thayne. I think the instinct of his nature here was the true one. If he could not take to his heart the woman of its love, the next best thing for him to do was to get as far away from her as possible.

Some purpose he had half-formed a while ago, of going out west and passing two or three years in prospecting and geologizing, returned to him now.

"I wish I could throw up the whole thing here and start to-morrow," muttered Philip Draper. But that, of course, was not to be seriously thought of at this juncture. Much as the superintendent might desire to leave Hedgerows, his presence was imperatively demanded here at the present crisis. He had every reason to suppose that a suggestion on his part of a release from his engagement would meet with the strongest opposition from the head proprietor of the woollen-mills. Indeed, the issues of the riot were yet to be met, and to run off before thorough investigations had been

made into the affair, was something which it was not at all like Philip Draper to do.

"It won't do to turn your back on duty, man. There's no release from this bond," said the superintendent to himself, again drawing a sigh, this time as the old sense of stifling and oppression came back upon the soul, stung so lately with a wind from the vast, wide plains, and God's still, blue heavens all around them.

I fear you will think my hero was, after all, lacking in manly courage. Perhaps he was, but if so it was the first time in his life that Philip Draper had been found wanting in that quality. It may be that had his love been less he would not have feared so much to put it to the test. But he had so far idealized and glorified Jacqueline Thayne in his thoughts, that the possibility of winning her for his wife, seemed to him a good deal like attempting to win a seraph.

I suppose men have felt like that towards women before, and I do not believe the men who have so felt, have generally been weak and ignoble.

Perhaps, too, Jacqueline's devotion to her uncle had its influence with Philip Draper. Only a man of that lofty ideal type of the Squire could win her heart, the superintendent fancied, and where could she find such another? he asked himself more than once.

No doubt he was a little morbid, and, in this instance, lacked self-esteem, but this latter want is not usually the accompaniment of ignoble minds, and, at all events, I will answer for my hero—he would not fail when the time came to test him.

The superintendent had resumed his seat at the desk, when a shadow fell upon the threshold, and, looking up he saw the figure of Mr. Weymouth at the door.

The old gentleman came forward less briskly than usual, it is true, but that was easily enough accounted for by his recent invalidism.

The two shook hands cordially. The elder's gaze went around the office, which, despite all the efforts to remove them, bore plenty of traces of the recent riot. His eyes flashed angrily.

"The rascals!" he muttered. "That plate-glass cost six hundred dollars."

"Yes; they made the destruction pretty thorough, considering the short time they were about it."

The two sat down by the desk. The workmen going back and forth in the factory-yard looked inside the office and saw the proprietor and the superintendent sitting there together, and conjectured all sorts of things as to the talk

going on between them, coming, of course very wide of the truth.

Mr. Weymouth took out his handkerchief and wiped his face a little nervously. He turned and looked at his superintendent. If Philip Draper had been observing, he would have noticed something curious and doubtful in the look.

"There have been no further demonstrations of this spirit, Mr. Draper?"

"Not a sign of one. The people have never been more quiet and orderly than during the last two days. I think the results of their own violence have appalled the perpetrators and then the feeling of the majority was against them."

"No doubt, at the commencement; but such a leaven as this working among these people will be sure to spread disaffection among the whole body. The more I think of this matter the more serious it seems to me," and again the old gentleman wiped his forehead with a little nervous movement.

I may as well say here that the proprietor of the mills had, after a struggle which had told a good deal upon him, come to a settled resolution that morning. Indeed, the effort which it had cost him to do this, had only made him more resolute in his purpose, and this was, in homely English, to get rid of his superintendent.

It was a most disagreeable business, and therefore the sooner it was well over the better. Moreover, he wanted to prove to himself and to Sydney that the old masterful will on which he prided himself, was not shaken. This was a matter of strong feeling with the man, as you have seen. He went on, stretching out one leg until the toe of his boot could tap the foot of the desk.

"It is high time we took some active measures to discover the perpetrators of this wretched affair. You, Mr. Draper, cannot have been among these people so much without getting some general notion with regard to most of them."

"Well, if I were a betting man, I should not hesitate to lay down a high wager that I could name the half-dozen ringleaders in this movement."

"Suppose you do it, Draper, without betting," replied the proprietor.

The superintendent wrote off half a dozen names on a slip of paper and handed it to Mr. Weymouth. The latter glanced it over eagerly. Reynolds' name headed the list. There was a quick, suspicious flash in the proprietor's eyes, as he read that name.

"You think he is the king of the rascals, do you, Draper?"

"I do. When the matter is thoroughly sifted, I believe enough can be brought home to this Reynolds to prove him the most active promoter of the riot. I like to give a man the benefit of a doubt, but when it comes to this Reynolds, I have long believed him a villain dyed in the wool."

"Aren't you rather severe on him, Draper?"

The question struck the superintendent as a little singular. Perhaps, by this time, something in the elder's manner did. He turned squarely upon his companion:

"You know this Reynolds, Mr. Weymouth. You are not unskilled in reading faces. What does this man's say for him?"

"True, true; a bad face," muttered Mr. Weymouth, shifting his feet uneasily. He inquired, after a moment's silence—"Have you settled on any plan for bringing this whole matter to daylight?"

The superintendent proceeded to lay before the proprietor the plan which had struck him as most likely to reach the bottom of the outrage. What that was has nothing to do with my story at this time. Mr. Weymouth declared long afterward that Draper had hit upon the right expedient. Indeed, he followed the former's suggestions in the main.

Philip Draper's instincts were very susceptible. I cannot tell—he could not, I suppose, himself—the precise moment when it began to dawn on him that his auditor was listening in a nervous, pre-occupied state of mind. Turning full upon him, Philip Draper met a look of dull suspicion in the eyes of Stephen Weymouth, which he had never seen there before.

It baffled the younger man for a moment. The wild longing for wider horizons, for the free, strong, careless life of hunt and bivouac, was still stinging and stirring in the man's brain. On its impulse he spoke. "Mr. Weymouth, I believe I need not say that I have tried to do my whole duty in all my relations with you and your workpeople since I came among you."

The senior sat bolt upright. "I have nothing myself to complain of, Mr. Draper," he said.

"But it is evident some of your people think they have. I do not disguise for a moment, the fact that night before last's demonstration was aimed solely against myself."

"It appears to have been, Mr. Draper, I regret to say," added the man, looking at his superintendent, and feeling a strong impulse to

unburthen himself of that miserable story of Reynolds's, only that would be betraying Sydney.

"And with that fact kept fully in view, you can perhaps understand that my position here will not be altogether a pleasant one?"

"I comprehend, Draper; but then, my dear, young fellow," returning by the very force of his attraction to his old manner toward his superintendent, "I need not tell you there are no positions in life which are altogether pleasant."

Philip Draper's heart sank at the kindly tones. A swift hope had shot across him, that a chance for release might after all be opening for him, yet, the next moment, he fancied the wish had been father to the thought. He could not fail to know the value of his services to the proprietor.

"What you say is true enough, Mr. Weymouth; yet—well I will not go around Robin Hood's barn to strike the truth in this instance—you could not do me so great a favor as to give me an absolute release from my engagement this very hour."

The elder stared; got up from his seat, like one who hardly believed the evidence of his senses, and braced himself against the desk. He had been fumbling all about in his thoughts in a blind way, for a key to fit the lock, and here the door was spread wide open, and he had only to bow the superintendent out. "Man alive!" he gasped. "Is that what you want?"

"Of all things in the world that is what I want supremely," and then, he remembered that was not just true; there was one other thing in the world more precious to Philip Draper than release from Hedgerows, even.

"Mr. Draper," said Stephen Weymouth, even now shaken in his purpose, although he had roused all the forces of his strong will to make it, "I never hope to light upon another superintendent who will supply your place."

"It appears, however, that you and your people differ widely in their estimates of me," with a significant gesture toward the broken panes.

"Well, if you insist upon it"—Mr. Weymouth made a last effort—"I will not hold you to your bargain, Mr. Draper."

The superintendent rose up, paced across the floor, every drop of blood in him, it seemed, alive, and stung with a strong, delicious sense of freedom.

The elder man noticing him, observed the bold, springy step, like that of one who has

suddenly sprung into freedom. "What ails the fellow?" thought Stephen Weymouth to himself.

The superintendent came over to the other. "I thank you from my heart," he said as he would say it to a man who had done him a vast favor.

"But do you know, Draper, what they will say of you around here?"

"No. What?"

"That I have turned you off."

"Nonsense. What folks say of me became long ago a matter of absolute indifference on my part."

"You are a strange man, Draper," Mr. Weymouth supposed he was only thinking these words, when in reality he spoke them out loud. "I don't understand you."

Philip Draper smiled to himself, and his smile now made his face like a boy's. There was an answer to that remark, but it would hardly have been complimentary to the senior member of the house of Stephen Weymouth & Co. The young man contented himself with saying. "Do you think so?"

"They shan't say that of you. I'll fix that," answered Stephen Weymouth, his honest feeling mounting now above all his suspicions and prejudices.

Philip Draper folded his arms and looked around the office. It seemed as though any woman, seeing how handsome and manly he looked at that moment, might have loved him.

"You are very kind, Mr. Weymouth," he said, "but I do not think that any man who knows me will suspect that I shirk away because I am afraid to stay, or that I fear to face anything human. A good many hard names may well apply to me, but cowardice is not of them."

"I wish Sydney could see him now," thought that young man's father, thinking, too, of Reynolds and his love, that this man had with craft and baseness seduced from the wool-sorter.

The old man tried to harden his heart again against his superintendent; but he went home at last, sorely perplexed in mind, and not knowing whether he was glad or sorry.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Squire Thayne had just returned from a little business trip, which had taken him out of town for several days. His niece had accompanied him.

She came into the kitchen now, and sat down on a low chair by the window. It was her

favorite seat, perhaps because it commanded a fine view of the sunsets. When she was a small girl, she used to come to the window every evening, and, climbing upon this very chair, watch the west with her wide, still eyes while the great glory of the sunset possessed it. Perhaps it was from habit partly that she still loved the kitchen so well, and the seat by the window, and the chat with Deborah the faithful old Englishwoman, who, to her general duties of housekeeper, added no small share of the daily work of the family, Squire Thayne not being a rich man enough to keep a corps of servants if he had had the inclination for them.

"O Deborah! it seems nice to get home," said Jacqueline, with a kind of sparkle all over her face.

Deborah was a dumpy little body, with a broad, honest face, and a quaint glimmer of humor lurking among her wrinkles. Her hair was thickly striped with gray. Altogether, there was a substantial, motherly sort of look about the old woman.

"It seems good to get you back, too, Miss Jackey, child," said Deborah, who had never learned to get beyond the old child daisy-llable when she addressed her young mistress. "I've had rather a lonesome time of it."

"Have you? I fancied it would be brimful of rest and comfort, with nobody to trouble you."

And she sat down and commenced opening a packet of letters and papers which she carried in her hand. She always opened all her uncle's mail. It had been another of her habits from childhood; although she no longer could stand by his knee, with his arm around her, watching the little, dimpled fingers, and the small, grave face, as she carefully tore away the envelopes.

Meanwhile, a brisk talk went on between the two women, for Jacqueline was relating, in her bright, piquant way, various incidents of her visit, and Deborah was drinking it all in amid little, short, amused laughs, while she bustled about from pantry to table.

In the midst of her talk, Jacqueline came suddenly on a large, shining square directed to herself. Opening this, the handsome wedding-cards of Sydney Weymouth tumbled out. Jacqueline's cheeks certainly flushed. She examined the cards with something more than a woman's natural curiosity over things of this sort.

"Dear fellow! I hope he'll be happy," she said.

"Who's that, Miss Jackey?" asked Deborah. And then the girl saw she had spoken her hope out loud.

She handed the cards to Deborah, who put on her silver-bound glasses with gravity, and squinted and peered at the cards for a long time. At last she gave them back.

"They're mighty purty, Miss Jackey," she said; "but I'm glad your name isn't there."

"Why not?" asked the young lady, a good deal surprised. She had a high opinion of Deborah's shrewdness when it came to judging people or things. So had her uncle.

Deborah settled the corners of her mouth squarely, and shook her head very decidedly.

"I've known him from a boy," she said.

"He was always handsome, and smart, and agreeable, but with all his fine airs I al'ays felt there was something hard and selfish underneath."

"Why, Deborah, I am sorry to find you have so poor an opinion of my friend," answered Jacqueline, almost indignantly. "You do him injustice."

Deborah's opinions were stubborn things. Her mistress knew that well enough. The serving-woman did not reply at once. She pulled down her sleeves and fastened them at the wrists with profound gravity.

At last she looked up, the puckered face solemn as an owl's.

"Miss Jacqueline," (on special occasions, when Deborah desired to be impressive, she unconsciously slipped into the trisyllables which formed her mistress's name,) "there are two kind of gentlemen in the world, and one may be handsome, and polished, and agreeable, with all sorts of grand learnin' and fine airs, and yet when you come to look away down inside, if you've got eyes to see deep enough, there's something hard and selfish at the bottom. Somehow all the learnin' and fine airs, and the agreeable manners don't strike clear in—when you get to the core, there's specks and unsoundness, jest as you'll find in some apples that are the reddest and finest outside."

Jacqueline drew a long breath. "Deborah you wholly misconceive my friend," she said. "I always thought you wonderfully acute in reading character, but you have made a mistake this time."

Deborah squared her lips and lifted her eyebrows for answer. Jacqueline knew from experience that further argument would be useless.

The serving woman sat down now, drew a large pan of greengages which she was getting

ready for preserving toward her, and commenced talking again. "If you want me to name a gentleman clear through, dyed in the wool, as much a part of him as the color of his eyes or his hair, it's that new superintendent over to the woollen-mills, Miss Jackey."

"There's nothing put on with him."

"Mr. Draper is a gentleman, certainly," answered the young lady, a little amused and a little curious.

"But how in the world did he manage to get so deeply into your good graces?"

"As though I couldn't tell the real stuff when I saw it!" said Deborah, with a little expressive toss of her head. "I never told you a little thing between him and me, did I, Miss Jackey?"

"No. What was it?" said the girl, looking up with real interest.

"It must have been before he ever darkened these doors; but I'd gone down to the store one afternoon on some errand, and I was on my way back with a basket in one hand and a big cage in the other, for Miss Trueman had given me her parrot to keep while she went out of town, and there came up suddenly a gale of wind which I thought would take me off my feet, and send the whole kit of us, parrot, basket, and all riding through the air, like witches on a broomstick. The wind struck me full as I reached Hunter's lane, and such a screeching as that parrot set up, and all of a sudden, the wind twitched my blue plaid shawl off my shoulders, and sent it coolly sailing through the air, and lodged it in a pine tree a little way off!

"Jest then horses feet came thunderin' along, and before I could look they stopped close by me. That man was off his horse in a minute, he must have taken in the state of things with a glance. He went straight to the old pine, and reached up and switched down my shawl from one o' the lower branches, and brought it back and wrapped it round me as carefully and politely as though I had been a crowned queen.

"I think the force of the wind has pretty much spent itself," he said.

"I'm very much obleeged to you, sir," I managed to get out.

"Oh! not at all, ma'am. It isn't worth thanking me for," and he lifted his hat as though I had been a beautiful young girl, instead of a gray, wrinkled, old woman standing there, and went back to his horse. I didn't learn for weeks afterward who he was, but I tell you, Miss Jackey, there's no mistakin'

here: the man that did that deed is a gentleman born—it's in him to the core."

"Yes, I think it is," said Jacqueline. If Philip Draper could have seen her face at that moment, he would have felt under life-long obligations to the old serving woman.

By a very natural process of association, Jacqueline fell to wondering whether Sydney Weymouth, under the same circumstances, would have done precisely as Philip Draper had.

"Of course he would. Of course he would," she murmured to herself, but, in her inmost heart, I doubt whether, unacknowledged to herself, there did not lurk a little uncertainty.

A face suddenly showed itself at the open door. Both the women started, and then recognized it, although there was a wonderful improvement in it, since that winter night when it had flattened itself against the pane, "like a big plaster of dough."

"Why, Tib, boy, is that you?" cried Deborah. Come in, and tell us what has brought you over here, to-night."

Deborah always regarded the boy as a protegee of her own; although the superintendent had, according to his promise, provided him a situation in the mills, and wholesome fare, and regular work had effected a wonderful improvement in the boy's whole appearance, and the coarse, yellowish hair resembled much less than formerly a heap of "unpicked oakum."

The boy came in now, shambling and shy. His eyes fastened on the lady in the corner, who put out her hand and said, with her sweetest smile—

"I am glad to see you have not quite forgotten your old friends, Tib."

It was a mooted question with the owner himself, what Tib stood for. The drunken mother might have answered that doubt in her sober moments, but, she had done her boy the greatest favor it was in her power to do, by absconding from Hedgerows, and taking her shadow out of the horizon of his life.

"I come over to see if you'd heard about the row night before last at the factory," blurted out the boy, of a sudden, setting his hands on his hips, and striking an attitude which recalled to Jacqueline a coarse print she had seen on a placard that day, of a prize-fight.

"A row!" exclaimed both the women, and one forgot her half-opened packet, and the other her greengages.

"Yes, they smashed in the windows, and stove in the furniture, and tore up things in the office. It was all done for spite against the

superintendent, but I'm on his side—yes, that's what I am," and a flush came up into the cheeks that, with plenty to eat had rounded out from their old, pinched, wilted look and the boy actually doubled his fists; but this time Jacqueline did not think of the picture of the prize-fighter.

For the next half hour, the questions and answers followed in quick succession. Tib related in his homely, coarse, vernacular, the whole history of the riot. I doubt after all, whether anybody could have told it better.

The two women drank the whole in with breathless interest—both inexpressibly shocked and indignant.

There could be no doubt that a feeling of gratitude, as well as of honest loyalty to the superintendent, had brought the boy out here to-night, as well as an honest desire to prove that he had no part nor lot in the riot, had brought the boy out to the house beyond Blue River, to-night.

"It's a shame, a perfect outrage to treat him in that way, and he such a noble young gentleman," said Deborah, her voice shaken with the feeling at her warm, honest heart.

Her mistress was less demonstrative in speech, but she certainly looked pale, as she sat there with the red aureole of the sunset in her hair, and its flickering lights upon her beautiful hands, at her heart some intenser feeling for the superintendent at work than had ever possessed her before.

"He's worth a dozen of Mr. Weymouth, whatever the folks may say—Mr. Draper is," blundered out Tib again; and although the speech hardly struck Jacqueline at the time, she remembered it afterward.

"Tib, I al'ays said you'd come out right," said Deborah, piling a tray with plums, and berries, and cake, and various tempting dainties best calculated to make a boy's mouth water.

As for Jacqueline, she went into the library, and sat down in her uncle's arm-chair thinking of Philip Draper; but she was tired with her long ride, and the coolness and stillness wrought upon her, and she fell asleep.

She dreamed that she sat on the brow of a hill, and looking off into a valley on her right, she saw the superintendent standing calm in the midst of a vast crowd, gone-mad with rage and riot. She saw the dark, fierce faces, she heard the stormy yells in the stillness where she sat, while below her in the shouts, and the seething, and the sea of faces foaming with their frenzy of hate, Philip Draper stood calm and unmoved.

Suddenly in her dream Jacqueline rose and floated to him. She touched his arm. "Come with me, my friend," she said, "I will save you."

He turned and smiled on her, and then Jacqueline awoke."

Squire Thayne was standing by her side. He had just come in, for his riding-whip was in his hand.

Jacqueline started up. "O Uncle," she said, "have you heard of the dreadful riot down at the factories?"

"Yes, my dear, he replied, I know all about it."

(To be continued.)

HOW TO ACQUIRE ORDERLY HABITS.

IN early life I might have been tracked by the confusion I left behind me; but in some odd corner of my nature was a love of beauty that was forever at war with the ugliness of disorder. When I became a housekeeper I determined to vanquish my old enemy and form a new habit. In carrying out this determination, I learned every step of the way from inherent chaos to acquired habits of order, and know of no better clue than is suggested by the saying of Archimedes: "Give me a lever long enough, and a fulcrum strong enough, and with my own weight I will move the world." One spot in a house made orderly, and kept so, will afford a fulcrum upon which to rest the lever of constant endeavor that shall move and revolutionize the whole domestic world. I began with my work-basket, and found even this small beginning difficult; but I persevered and conquered. I next took in hand my bureau drawers, giving thought to their arrangement and assigning to each article a place. Closets, with their demoralizing dimness, and tempting facilities for storage, I found a sad stumbling block, but finally mastered them, too. Chaos was constantly invading unoccupied rooms, but by persistent effort the victory was won. I could think into every corner of my small world, and feel that it was permeated by my individuality; that crude matter had been subdued and made subordinate to mind.

Cleanliness, order, fitness, and a degree of beauty in one's surroundings, are essential to the best activity of both mind and body. Order is heaven's first law, and we cannot disregard it without wasting our best powers in unnecessary friction.

PRIZE TEMPERANCE TALE.

[The prize of one hundred dollars, offered by the Proprietor of *Wood's Household Magazine*, for the best Temperance Tale, was unanimously awarded, by the Committee, to the following story.]

THE WAY OF ESCAPE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

MY heart ached for the wretched man. His debauch was over; his nerves unstrung; the normal sensibilities of a fine, moral nature, quickened, after a brief torpor, into most acute perceptions. Such a haggard face! Such hopeless eyes! I see the picture now, as a haunting spectre.

"Let the memory of this hour, so burdened by pain and repentance, be as a wall of defence around you in all the future," I said.

He looked at me drearily. Slowly shaking his head, he replied:

"Such memories are no defence. My soul is full of them. When temptation assails, they fall away, and I am at the mercy of mine enemy, who rushes in, like a hungry wolf, to kill and to destroy."

"Is there no help for you, then?" I asked.

He shut his eyes and was very still. If an artist could have seen his face then, and faithfully caught its expression, those who looked upon the image must have felt such pity in their hearts as makes the eyes grow dim with tears.

"I fear not," he answered, after a little while, in a hopeless kind of way.

"It cannot be," I spoke confidently and assuringly. "No man is given over to such utter ruin. There must be, and there is, a way of escape from every evil."

"Except the evil of a bad and degrading habit—that vile second nature," he answered, "the steady current of which is forever bearing him downward, downward, toward a storm-wrecked ocean. He may seize the oars in alarm, as I have done scores of times, and pull against the current, making head for a little while. But, human strength avails not here. The arms grow weary, the spirit flags—it is easier to drift than to row, and down the current bears him again. It is the history of thousands and tens of thousands, and I am no exception."

"It cannot be," I answered. "There is help for every man, no matter how weak, nor how beset by enemies; else God's word must fail."

"It does fail, I think," he answered, in a gloomy, despairing kind of way.

"No! no! no!" Quickly and emphatically did I reject his conclusion.

"Have it as you will. I shall not argue the point." He spoke almost listlessly.

"Then, I say, there is help for every man, no matter where he is or what he is. We cannot fall so low that the Everlasting arms are not still beneath us, ready to bear us upward to mountain heights of safety."

"Oh, that those arms would bear me upward!" almost groaned my poor friend. "I have no strength in myself. I cannot climb. Unless lifted by another, I must perish."

"So bad as that?" I said.

"Just so bad," he answered, slowly and bitterly. "This second nature I have made for myself, is my ruler. Reason, conscience, the love of my wife and children, my good reputation, pride, manliness—all human powers and virtues are its slave. And such a bondage!"

There was not a ray of hope in his dreary eyes.

"You must try again," I said, cheerily.

"No man need be a slave."

"Easily said!" was his impatient answer; "while yet all men are slaves to some habit from which they cannot break."

"Say, rather, from which they will not break."

"You mock me with idle words."

"No; I speak only the words of truth and soberness. There is human strength, and there is divine strength. The Everlasting arms are always beneath and ready to bear us up, if we will but lean upon and trust them. Human strength is but as a broken reed; divine strength is sure as God Himself. It never fails."

There came into his heavy eyes a feeble play of light. The stern rejection that sat upon his lips faded off.

"In our own strength, nothing," I said; "in God's strength, all."

I saw his hands moving in an uncertain way. Then they rested one against the other. Suddenly they were clasped together in a kind of spasm, while his eyes flew upward in a wild, half-despairing appeal to God, his lips groaning out the words—

"Save me, or I am lost!"

Even now, memory gives back the thrill that swept along my nerves as his cry penetrated my ears.

Never from any human soul went up, unheard a prayer like that. He who once and forever took upon himself our nature, and who was in all points tempted as we are, yet without sin, and who is touched always with the feeling of our infirmity, stands close beside us, knocking at the door of our heart, that he may come in and help and save us. All hell is powerless before Him. Impure desires flee from his presence like night-birds when the sun arises; and the cords of evil habits are broken, as the withes that bound the arms of Samson, at His lightest touch.

I waited for a little while without speaking watching him closely, to see if he would rise into anything like confidence. Gradually, the hard, desponding look faded from his countenance, and I saw a calm resolve begin to show itself about his mouth.

"One effort more," he said, at last, speaking slowly, but very firmly: "One effort more, but not in my own strength. I have tried that too often, and shall never try it again. I give up the struggle as hopeless. If God fails me, I am lost."

What a fearful crisis! If God fail? He never fails—is never nearer to us, nor stronger to help us, than at the moment when, despairing of our own strength, we turn to him. The only danger lies in our not trusting him fully.

"But how shall I trust him? How shall I get a transfer of his strength to my will? How is it that his power can supplement my weakness? I am away down in the valley of sin and shame; how am I to get upon the mountains of purity, peace and safety? Will he bear me up as on the wings of an eagle? or must I climb and climb, from day to day, until I reach the summit?"

"You must climb," I said.

"I cannot. I have no strength. I have tried it a hundred times and failed." He answered with returning doubt.

"And will fail again, if you trust in your own strength. But, with God-given strength, used as your own, the ascent is sure."

"Ah! I see!" Light broke all over his face. "I see! I see!" he repeated. "God does not lift us out of our sin and misery, but gives us divine strength, if we ask him in all sincerity, by which we lift ourselves."

"Yes."

"It is very simple and clear." He drew a

long breath of relief, like one who has a load taken from his mind.

"The law of our dependence on God for help," I said.

"Yes. And now I see the meaning of this sentiment, in an old hymn I often heard sung when I was a boy, and which always struck me as a paradox:—

"When I am weak, then am I strong."

"The christian poet," I answered, "lifted into something of inspiration, often sees truth in clearer light than we who are down among the mists and shadows."

"Ah me!" he sighed; "your closing words remind me of the depth at which I lie, and the almost infinite distances above me to which I must rise ere out of danger."

"And to which you may surely rise if you will," I answered, with cheerful assurance.

"By God-given strength only!" he spoke, solemnly.

"Aye; never, never for an instant lose sight of that! Never, no matter how strong you may feel that you have grown, trust in yourself. In the hour of temptation, look upward, praying in the silence of your heart, for strength to resist."

"Best of friends!" he exclaimed, in deep emotion; "you must have been sent to me by God. Hope dawns on a night that has been starless. I see the way to safety—for me the only way. No one knows but myself how hard I have tried to reform, nor in how many ways I have sought to escape from a terrible thralldom. But all has been in vain. When this remorseless appetite that has enslaved me, asserted itself, my will became as nothing."

Long time we talked, I saying all that I could to strengthen him.

On the next Sunday, much to my surprise and pleasure, I saw him at church with his wife. I could not remember when I had seen him there before. At the close of the services, as I moved down the aisle with the crowd, some one grasped my hand and gave it a strong pressure. I turned and looked into the face of the friend I had tried to save.

"Oh, Martin!" I said, as I received a glance full of meaning, and then returned his hand-pressure.

We walked for a few moments side by side without speaking, and then were separated by the crowd.

On the Sunday following, he was at church again; and Sunday after Sunday found him in the family pew, that for years had seen him so rarely.

Three or four months went by, and Martin's feet were still in the paths that led upwards. But one day I was shocked to hear that he had fallen again. On careful inquiry, I learned that he had been with his wife to an evening entertainment, given by a citizen of high worth and standing, whose name is on every lip as munificent in charity; but who, whatever may be his personal conviction, is not brave enough to banish wine from the generous board to which he invites his friends. And I learned still further, to my grief and pain, that the glass which broke down the good resolution of Martin, and let in upon him the fierce flood of repressed appetite, was proffered by the hand of this good citizen, as host.

I lost no time in going to my poor friend. I found him away down the valley of humiliation, his soul in the gall of bitterness. Shame and sorrow were in his heavy eyes; but not despair. I took hopeful notice of this.

"It is very hard for us, all but God forsaken wretches!" he said bitterly, after the first formal sentences had passed between us. "Mr. — is a man of generous feeling. He gives, in a princely way, to churches and to charities; is one of our best and most liberal citizens; and yet, after I have taken a few steps heavenward, he puts a stumblingblock in my way and I fall back toward hell!"

"You could not have fallen over any stumblingblock man or devil might place in your way," I answered, "if you had been walking in divine, instead of human strength."

"Well do I know that," he replied.

"And so," I said, "let this sad fall keep you in a more vivid remembrance of human weakness. Never for one instant trust in yourself. Stand perpetually on guard. The price of your liberty is eternal vigilance."

"It is a hard fight," he said, with a sigh, despondingly.

"Life is a warfare," I replied. "We are all beset with enemies, who know too well our vulnerable places—enemies that never sleep; implacable, cruel, ever seeking our destruction. I, you, all men have them. Trusting only in human strength, no one gains a victory; but in divine strength the issue of battle is sure. And so, my friend, gird up your loins again, and be wary and valiant."

Hope and courage came back into his heart.

"Beware of ambush," I said, as I parted from him that day. "The enemy, coming on you unawares, is more to be dreaded than when he forms his line of attack to the sound of trumpets. Seek no conflicts; keep off his

ground; but when he comes forth to meet you, giving challenge, do battle in the name of the Lord."

A few weeks afterward I was present when a gentleman of large wealth and good standing, both in church and society, said to him—

"I didn't see you at my house last evening."

"No," was the rather curt reply; "it is safer for me to keep off of the devil's ground."

"I don't understand you, sir!" replied the gentleman, a flush of sudden anger in his eyes, for he felt the remark as a covert insult.

Martin's face grew sober, and he answered with a calm impressiveness that caused the anger to go out of his listener's eyes, and a thoughtful concern to take its place.

"I am fighting the devil," he said, "and must not give him the smallest advantage. Just now I am the victor, and hold him at bay. He has his masked batteries, his enchanted grounds, his mines and pitfalls, his gins and miry sloughs; and I am learning to know the signs of hidden danger. If I fall into any of his snares, I am in peril of destruction; and though I struggle, or fight my way out, I am weak or wounded, and so the less able to meet the shock of battle when he rushes upon me as I stand on guard, ready in God's name, for the conflict.

"His enchanted ground is a social company, where wine flows freely. I speak of what it is to me, and call it, so far as I am concerned, the devil's ground. He caught me there not long ago, and had me at his own advantage. But, I will not again set foot thereon. If you, good citizens, make of your homes, in mistaken hospitality, places where the young find temptation, and the weak, stumblingblocks, men, such as I am, must shun them as the gates of hell."

His manner had grown more and more impressive.

"Is it so bad as that?" remarked the gentleman, in a voice that showed both surprise and pain.

"Just so bad," Martin answered impressively; "I believe Reigart's oldest son was at your house?"

"Yes."

"It was the devil's ground for him? An hour or two ago I saw him coming out of a saloon, so drunk that he could not walk straight. And only three days ago, his father told a friend that his boy had certainly reformed, and that he now had more confidence in his future than he had felt for a long time."

"You cannot mean what you say?" The gentleman exclaimed in visible agitation.

"I have told you only the sad and solemn truth," was Martin's answer; "and if I had accepted your invitation, I might now be lying at a depth of misery and degradation, the bare thought of which makes me shudder!"

The gentleman stood for a little while as if stunned.

"This is frightful to think of," he said, and I saw him shiver.

"It is the last time," he added, after a pause—"the last time that any man shall go out of my house weaker and more degraded than when he came in. If my offering of wine cause my brother to offend, then will I not offer it again while the world stands."

"Ah, sir!" answered Martin, "if many, many more of our good citizens would so resolve, hundreds of young men now drifting out into the current of intemperance, might be drawn back into safer waters; and hundreds of others who are striving to make head against it, saved from destruction. I speak feelingly, for I am one of those who are struggling for life in this fatal current."

The way of safety for a man like Martin, is very narrow and straight. If he steps aside into any of the pleasant paths that open on the right hand and on the left, he is in the midst of peril. If he grow confident in his own strength, and less dependant on that which is given from above, the danger of falling becomes imminent.

Martin fell again. Alas! that this should have to be told.

"Was that Martin who passed us?" asked a friend with whom I was walking.

"No," I answered, in a positive voice; and yet, as I said the word my heart gave a throb of fear—the man was so like him.

"It was, I am sure. Poor wretch! He tries hard to reform; but that cursed appetite is too much for him. I'm afraid there is no help. He'll die a drunkard."

I turned back quickly and without a response, following the man we had passed. Just as I came up to him, he had stopped at the door of a drinking-saloon, and was holding a brief parley with awakened appetite.

"In God's name, no!" I said, laying my hand upon him.

He started in a frightened kind of way, turning on me a haggard face and blood-shot eye. I drew my arm within his, and led him away, passive as a child. Not a word was spoken by either, until we were in his office, which was not far distant, and the door shut and locked. He dropped into a chair, with a slight groan,

his head sinking upon his chest. He was the picture of abject wretchedness.

"He leaveth the ninety and nine that are safely folded," I said, speaking in a low, tender voice, "and goeth out into the wilderness to seek that which is estray."

He did not answer.

"You have looked to the strong for strength, you have prayed to him for succor, and he has come very near to you and helped you. Because you again went out of the fold, his love has not failed. He has found you out in the wilderness and brought you back to a place of safety. Only trust in him, and all will be well. He is the friend that sticketh closer than a brother. His is a love that never fails."

I waited for him to reply, but he kept silence.

"It must have been no ordinary temptation," I said.

Still he was silent.

"The enemy must have come on you unaware," I added, after a brief pause. "The bolt must have fallen ere you saw the warning flash."

"I was taken at a disadvantage; but I had time to know my enemy, and should have given battle in God's name, instead of yielding like a craven."

Such was his reply. It gave me hope.

"Tell me the whole story," I said.

He raised himself to a firmer attitude; and I saw swift lights beginning to flash in his dull eyes.

"Wounded again in the house of a friend," he replied.

"What friend?"

"One on whom God has laid the special duty of saving human souls—our minister!"

"Not Mr. L——!"

"Yes."

I was confounded.

"I went to him for help," continued Martin, "and instead of the counsel and support I then so much needed, for my old enemy, appetite was gathering up his strength, and setting his host in battle array, I was tempted and betrayed! I should have gone to God, and not to man. With his Divine Word in my thought, and prayer in my heart, I should have opposed the awakening enticement of desire, as I have so often done and prevailed."

"Tell me how it happened," I said.

"As I have just told you," he replied, "I was not feeling very strong. That old restlessness of which I have spoken, had come back

upon me, and I knew what it meant. So, I said to my wife, 'I think, Mary, that I'll step around and see Mr. L——. I'd like to talk with him.' She looked at me with a slight shadow of concern in her face; for she has learned to know the signs of a coming hour of darkness, when the powers of hell renew their direful assaults upon my soul. 'Do,' she answered: and I went.

"I found Mr. L—— in his library, but not alone. Mr. E——, the baker, had called in to have a talk with the minister about a college for theological students, in which both felt considerable interest. Funds were wanted in order to give the Institution the required efficiency; and the ways and means of getting funds were earnestly discussed by Mr. L—— and the capitalist. After an hour's talk, and the arrangement of a plan for securing the object in view, Mr. L——rang a bell. To the servant who came in, he said something in a low voice, that I did not hear. The servant retired, but came back in a few minutes, bearing, to my surprise and momentary consternation, a tray with wine and glasses. I saw a pleased light in the banker's eyes, as they rested on the amber-colored wine.

"'Some fine, old sherry,' said Mr. L——, 'sent me by a friend abroad. I want you to taste it.' And he filled the three glasses that were on the tray, handing one to his guest and another to me. In myself—my poor, weak self—I was not strong enough to refuse. If I had looked up to God, instantly, and prayed for strength to do the right, strength would, I know, have come. But I did not. I took the glass, not meaning to drink, but to gain time for thought. To have refused, would have been, I then felt, to set myself up as a rebuker of these men; and that I had not the courage to do. No, I did not mean to taste the wine. But, as they lifted their glasses, drank and praised the fruity juice, I, in a kind of mesmeric lapse of rational self-control, raised my glass also, and sipped. A wild, fierce thirst possessed me instantly, and I drained the glass to the bottom!

"A sudden terror and great darkness fell upon me. I saw the awful gulf on whose brink I stood. 'I will go home,' I said to myself; and rising, I bade the two men an abrupt good-night and left them. But I did not go directly home, alas for me! There were two many enticements by the way. Indeed, I don't know how or when I got home.

"Of the shame, the anguish, the despair of this morning, I cannot speak. You don't know

what it means—have no plummet by which to sound its depths of bitterness. I left home for my office, feebly resolved to keep away from temptation; how feebly, you know! If the good Lord who is trying to save me, had not sent you to my rescue, I would now be—oh! I cannot speak the frightful words."

"He never leaves us nor forsakes us," I answered. "He is always going out upon the bleak mountains, to the hot desert, and into the wilderness of wild beasts, seeking his lost and wandering sheep. If they hear his voice, and follow him, he will bring them into his fold, where is peace and safety."

"Good Shepherd of souls," my friend said audibly, lifting upward his eyes, that were full of tears, "save me from the wolves! They wait for me in all my paths; they spring upon me in all my unguarded moments; they hide themselves in covert places, thirsting for my life; they steal upon me in sheep's clothing—they beset me everywhere! Good Shepherd! I have no help but in Thee."

Breaking the deep, impressive silence that followed, I said—"In Him alone is safety. So long as you hear His voice, and follow Him, no wolf can touch you with his murderous teeth. But, if you go out of his sheepfold, and trust in your own strength to overcome the wild beasts that crowd the wilderness of this world, destruction is sure."

A few years have passed since then, and Martin still holds, in divine strength, the mastery of appetite. The vile second nature he had formed unto himself, and which bore him downward, for a time, in its steady current, grew weaker and weaker, as the new life, born from above, gained strength. In the degree that he resisted and denied the old desires, did they grow weaker; and in their place, God gave him purer and healthier desires, so that he became, as it were, a new man.

"The wolves are not all dead," I said to him one day, as we talked of the present and the past.

He looked a little sober as he replied—"No, my friend. I often hear them howling in the distance; and I know full well, that if I leave my Shepherd's side, and stray off into the wilderness, vainly trusting in myself, that I shall be as powerless to stand against them, as a helpless sheep. For me, I am not safe for a moment, except when I trust in God's strength to supplement my weakness. When I do that, all hell cannot prevail against me!"

Wood's Household Magazine.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH THE BABY?

FANNY M. BARTON, writes in the *Christian Union*, concerning the baby, thus:—

"And now, what shall we do with our pet—our pretty May-flower? Just what God does with the violets and daisies! Make the atmosphere around her as warm, and soft, and tender with love as the heavenly air that broods over the earth to-day. Give her room to develop her own individual life—and push no intrusive will into the orbit of her soul. Let us see how our Father brings up a rose, and take a lesson therefrom. He gives it a place to grow in; soil for its roots; nourishment for all its functions; room, sunshine, and lets it alone to be itself. So we want our baby to grow.

"When she wakes from her vision of angels, let her see only smiles; let not our cares and sorrows come near her; let us not pay off our old scores with life by scolding Max for following out the laws of babyhood. Let us not mistake the guilty one in our small tiffs of household discipline. If Max builds a house of mamma's holiday books, with her point lace for upholstery, let the owner of the treasures be punished with rigor for leaving them in baby's way, but let us fear to incur the guilt of slapping those little, constructive hands; let us never wound her tender heart by punishing that which is as innocent as nest-building in a bird.

"Max is pure, and sweet, and loving. After she has lived with us a half-dozen years, we may make the discovery that she is totally depraved, but she is as ignorant now of wrong as that robin atilt on the lilac bough—even a bird would exhibit signs of depravity if, when making his free circuits through the sweet, blessed air, he should break his wing against somebody's arrogant, unjust will.

"We will let Max alone, and try to become ourselves like little children, so that all she sees and hears shall be noble and true. We will try to clear ourselves from the stain of the world, that no soil may touch her whiteness. We want her to be by and by a woman, with a soul grandly rounded. We want her to blossom perfectly, but always to keep her childish faith intact, like a drop of honey in a flower-cup. We want her to develop all the beautiful germs in the rich nature that has been given her. There is but one way to attain this. Give her love, give her liberty to be herself, and live before her the life that we wish her to imitate.

"God bless little Max, and all good angels have her in their keeping"

MANAGEMENT OF DOMESTICS.

IN these days of trouble with servant-girls, a little advice from one who is seldom obliged to make any change of domestics, may be of interest and advantage, especially to young housekeepers. Define your girl's duties plainly. When she first comes to you, tell her what you wish her to do. If her work is to be heavy, let her understand it; do not represent it as very light, letting her think, in order to secure

(170)

her, that she will have a great deal of time to herself. Be just in your demands. Do not think that a girl must work all the time, because you are paying her good wages, and giving her her board. She will do better work and more of it, if she feels that you are willing that she shall have some time to herself. Encourage her to employ her spare time usefully; but at the same time do not frown upon her going out sometimes. If a girl knows that you are willing that she should visit her friends, she is not nearly so apt to get into the habit of running out all the time, as if you were impatient with her, and tried to prevent her going out at all. Help her by doing something for her which she cannot do herself, when you have time to spare, or by teaching her something which she would like to know, as reading, sewing, etc. But do not help her in her ordinary work, if you wish to keep her a good servant. This may sound unfeeling, but it is not meant to be so. If your girl is sick, help her, but if she is simply in the habit of getting behind hand, do not assist her in any way. If you have been just in the amount of work assigned to her, insist upon its being done at the right time, and by herself. I have seen many a good girl spoiled by being continually helped. I have a most estimable lady in my mind, whose servants invariably become lazy and shiftless, although she herself is an excellent housekeeper. The difficulty is, she never leaves a girl to do a piece of work all by herself.

For example, instead of telling the girl that setting the table is a part of her work, and expecting her always to do it, she puts on a few dishes herself, then the girl a few more, as it happens; and, when the meal is ready, there is almost always the necessity of calling for several things that have been forgotten. If the girl was taught to be careful, and feel that she would have no one to help her, the work would be done better. If there is anything about your girl that you do not like, tell her of it kindly, but plainly. Never hesitate for fear of offending—have your girl understand that you are not in the least dependent upon her, but that you would not keep her if she did not endeavor to please you. The Irish, as a race, like plain speaking. Talk to your girl moderately of your own affairs, or those of your neighbors. Check any tendency in her to comment upon the faults and failings in others. Pay her wages at regular intervals, advise her as to the use of her money, and to invest what she does not need in some safe way.

I do not pretend to affirm that *all* servants would be made good, by their employers acting upon these suggestions; but I do think that the mistress is very much in fault, sometimes in one of the particulars I have mentioned, sometimes in another, and often in all, and more; and I feel confident that, if there were more women who made it a Christian duty to be good mistresses, there would be more good servants.

In the principality of Waldeck, Germany, the government has recently issued a notice, that no license to marry shall be granted to a drunkard, nor to any one who has been a drunkard, unless he exhibits proof that he has entirely reformed.

MOTHERS, SPEAK KINDLY.

CHILDREN catch cross tones quicker than parrots, and it is a much more mischievous habit. When mother sets the example, you will scarcely hear a pleasant word among the children in their plays with each other. Yet the discipline of such a family is always weak and irregular. The children expect just so much scolding before they do anything they are bid, while in many a home where the low, firm tone of the mother or the decided look of her steady eye is law, they never think of disobedience, either in or out of sight. O, mother, it is worth a great deal to cultivate that "excellent thing in woman," a low,

sweet voice. If you are ever so much tried by the mischievous or wilful pranks of the little ones, speak low. It will be a great help to you to even try to be patient and cheerful, if you cannot succeed. Anger makes you wretched, and your children also. Impatient, angry tones, never did the heart good, but plenty of evil. Read what Solomon says of them, and remember he wrote with an inspired pen. You cannot have the excuse for them that they lighten your burdens any; they make them only ten times heavier. For your own, as well as your children's sake, learn to speak low. They will remember that tone when your head is under the willows. So, too, will they remember a harsh and angry tone. Which legacy will you leave to your children?

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

CHAPTER IX.

PROVISIONS: GIVING OUT STORES, &c.

ANOTHER special branch of housekeeping is the supplying of provisions; and a point to be particularly remembered, is, that superior articles always prove the cheapest in the end. There are various rules which are excellent guides in purchasing meat, and a housekeeper should acquaint herself with them as soon as possible. One is, "that coarse joints are generally unpalatable; the bone, skin, and gristle in such pieces bear a great proportion to the meat, which is itself hard and indigestible." Coarse joints are suitable for gravies and soups. For boiling and roasting, the superior joints should be procured. In buying groceries, and like commodities, it is better to purchase them—if possible—in large quantities, as it is much cheaper so to do; and some articles, also, improve by keeping.

A pass-book should be kept, in connection with the store at which you are in the habit of dealing; and this method will prove doubly advantageous, for you will not only be thus informed of the exact expenditure made, but it will also serve as a restraint upon servants, and prevent any sort of imposition. It is also the duty of the mistress of the family to examine the various accounts frequently, and, after assuring herself that she is not charged with articles which she did not order, the books should be balanced, and the debts discharged at once. Prompt payments promote individual and domestic happiness—make New Year's day a source of pleasure, instead of anxiety and discomfort—and, above all, aid in securing the approval of conscience. No haunting visions of needy families, and piteous cries for bread from famishing children, disturb the midnight repose, when domestics and tradespeople are regularly and justly paid, and

"No ghost of many a veteran bill,
Breaks in upon sweet slumbers"

We state a few particulars, in connection with purchases, which may not be generally known. Candles and soap are among the articles which are more "advantageously purchased in large quantities." Candles improve by keeping, and so does soap; the latter should be cut into small pieces, and should be kept in a dry and tolerably warm place. It is best not to use soap until about six months after it is purchased. A large percentage will be saved by following out this direction. A close and heavy grained sugar is the

best to procure; porous sugar is not economical, as almost a double portion is required for sweetening, than when a hard and solid sugar is used. "Rice should not be purchased in large quantities, as an insect is apt to breed in it; to prevent this, all seeds should be kept in earthenware jars, and be covered from the air.

Fruits &c., for winter use, may be preserved in various ways, but generally speaking, the rooms or cellars, in which they are placed, should be tight and free from damp. Apples and pears may be laid on a dry floor or shelf, and be covered with a linen cloth—or, they may be packed in barrels, and be kept where they will not freeze.

"More delicate fruit may be preserved by wiping them dry, to clean away the moisture which they yield often in gathering, and placing them in earthen jars, and covering them with layers of dry sand about an inch in thickness. Each jar should be well filled, closed with cement, and placed in a cool, dry place, but where it cannot be affected by frost. When fruit has been frost-bitten, it should be put into cold water, which will recover it, if it be suffered to remain in it a sufficient time."

"Onions and bulbs should be laid loosely on shelves, in a dry cellar; cabbages, endives, lettuces, and similar plants, may also be preserved through the winter, in a state fit for use, if they be taken out of the ground with their main roots entire, in perfectly dry weather at the end of the season, and be then partially immersed in dry sand. They should be kept in a close, dry cellar, of an ice-cold temperature."

We trust the above extracts will merit the attention and approbation of housekeepers.

It is a good plan for the mistress of a household to appoint a certain hour for the giving out of stores for the day or week, and to require punctually on the part of domestics, in making their wants known. Should they neglect—from forgetfulness—to apply for the articles they need at the proper time—the mistress should (if possible) refuse to re-open her store-room, and thus demonstrate the inconvenience arising from inattention and negligence. A lesson of this kind will have a twofold effect; it will prove the firmness and decision of the lady, and do more toward producing a system of order and promptness, than all the lectures and advice that could be heaped

together. By giving out the necessary stores, the mistress ensures a proper degree of domestic economy, for, she learns how much is required per week, of articles in constant use, and she cannot, thereby, be imposed upon, or be requested to procure supplies which are wasted, instead of being judiciously used.

But, until actual deceit and dishonesty is discovered, it is both best, and *right* to maintain an unsuspicious and generous manner in the necessary intercourse between domestics and employers. Tender hearts often beat beneath rough exteriors, and locked chamber doors, and ordinary articles of furniture, imply as great a want of trust as spoken words.

When a fault is *first* discovered, *gentle* treatment will often prove more effectual than harsh measures. We once read of a lady who discovered theft on the part of a servant, and was therefore tempted to dismiss her. Finding her—upon examination—to be friendless, she took pity on her, and conversing with her freely in regard to her fault, told her as *suspicion* could not *reform* her, she (the lady) would try to overlook the circumstance, if the offender would solemnly promise to never again betray the trust reposed in her. The promise was made, and the lady was rewarded for her forbearance and gentleness, by a prolonged and faithful service of years, from her grateful and attached domestic.

CUSTARDS, CREAMS, &c.

RICE FLUMMEY.—Boil half a pint of rice until it becomes tender, then pour off the water, and add one pint of milk, with two eggs, well beaten; boil all together for two or three minutes, and serve it hot; eat it with butter, sugar, and nutmeg. It may be sweetened, and cooled in moulds, then turned out into a dish, surrounded with rich milk, into which raspberry marmalade may be stirred.

SAGO JELLY.—Four tablespoonfuls of sago, one quart of water. Let it soak for thirty minutes; then grate the rind of a lemon and put in it, and boil it about half an hour, until entirely dissolved. Take it off the fire, squeeze the juice of a lemon in it, sweeten it to your taste, strain it, and let it become cold. Flavor with vanilla, and serve with cream.

FROZEN CUSTARD.—Boil one quart of milk with cinnamon, and a few peach leaves—say about a dozen; beat six eggs well, and mix them into the milk after it is boiled, adding in also a teaspoonful (to each quart of milk) of cornstarch; sweeten the milk according to your liking, and pour it into an iron pan, stirring it well one way. Then give the custard a simmer until it is a proper thickness, but do not let it boil; it must be stirred one way all the time. If preferred, half cream and half milk may be used.

JAUNE MANGE.—Break up and boil one ounce of isinglass in rather more than half a pint of water till it is melted; strain it, and then add the juice of two large oranges, and the yolks of four eggs, beaten. Sweeten to your taste, and stir it over a gentle fire till it just boils up. Dip a mould in cold water, and fill it with the preparation. If there should be any sediment, do not put it in.

SPANISH CREAM.—Boil one ounce of gelatine in one quart of new milk until it becomes dissolved; add to it four eggs, beaten, and half a pound of sugar; stir it over the fire until the eggs thicken, take it off the fire, add a wineglassful of peach-water, and when cool pour it into the mould. Serve it with cream. Orange flour-water may be used instead of peach-water.

RODGRAUT.—(From the Hotel Royal, Copenhagen.)—Take eight pounds of currants and raspberries mixed, but let there be more of the first named fruit; boil them a short time with four quarts of water, then squeeze the fruit through a cloth, and put it again on the fire, with sugar—as much as is agreeable to you—a little lemon peel, and cinnamon, or a small piece of vanilla. To six quarts of juice take one pound of sago, or rice flour, mixed in a little cold water or a little of the juice, and a quarter of a pound of blanched almonds, pounded. Add these ingredients carefully to the boiled juice, stirring it all the time; let it boil until it becomes quite smooth, then put it into moulds dipped in cold water. It must be made the day before it is to be used, and then is to be turned out on to dishes. To be served with cream and sugar.

CREME A LA VANILLE.—Boil for a quarter of an hour a piece of Vanilla and six ounces of bruised sugar in a quart of milk, then take it off the fire. Beat well the yolks of five or six eggs, and one whole egg; mix them with the milk, and pass the whole through a sieve; pour it into a mould or small pots, and put them into a vessel containing boiling water, and let them remain thus until the mixture becomes of a proper consistency. If you wish a *bavarois*, or *Charlotte Russe*, just as the cream is beginning to set add a plateful of whipped cream to it, mix all together, put it again into the mould, and plunge it into the water until of the desired consistency.

ITALIAN CREAM.—Mix six ounces of powdered sugar with one pint of cream, also the juice of two lemons, and two wineglassfuls of white wine; then add in another pint of cream, and stir all together very hard. Boil two ounces of isinglass with four small teacupfuls of water, till it is reduced to one-half the quantity, and then stir the isinglass, lukewarm, into the mixture, and pour the whole into a glass dish to congeal.

FRENCH CREAM.—Mix well into a pint and a half of sweet milk two tablespoonfuls of flour-starch. Beat the yolks of six eggs well, and add them to the milk, also putting in a teacupful of white sugar and a tablespoonful of essence of lemon. Stir it over the fire, one way, until it becomes a thick custard. Pour it into a dish, and when it grows cold, and just before it is sent to the table, sift powdered sugar over it, and hold a hot iron over the sugar until it melts and forms a crust.

APPLE CUSTARD.—Pare, core, and quarter one dozen large stewing apples (pippins), and stew among them the peel of one lemon. Stew them, until they become very tender, in a little water, and when enough cooked, mash them smooth with a spoon. Mix half a pint of apples with a quarter of a pound of sugar, and set it away to cool. Beat six eggs very light, and stir them in a quart of milk, alternately with the apples; put the mixture into cups, or into a dish, and bake it twenty minutes; grate nutmeg over the top.

LEMON CREAM.—One pint of spring-water, one and a half rings of isinglass, dissolved in water, a little juice of sweet orange, and the juice of six or seven lemons. Stir it over the fire, and when thick pour it into moulds. Sweeten to your liking previous to putting it on the fire.

BLANC MANGE.—The ingredients are: one quart of milk, four tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, and four tablespoonfuls of sugar. Wet the cornstarch with a small portion of the cold milk; set on the remainder of the milk to boil, and while boiling pour the cornstarch into it.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

MINISTERING SPIRITS.

BY FLORA L. BEST.

LIFE is ours for patient tolling,
Ours for noble thought and deed,
Ours to meet its ceaseless struggle,
Ever giving earnest heed.

Yet around us hope and gladness
Shed their fragrance every hour,
Blessings brought by hands immortal,
Full of sweetness, full of power.

Gazing at the scene of conflict,
Yet unsullied 'mid the strife,
Angels glide with gentle footsteps,
Whisp'ring of the better life.

Not by regal pomp and glory,
Flashing, gleaming on our sight,
May we know the holy presence
Of the messengers of light.

When the heart is faint and weary
With the burdens it must bear,
And it pauses in the battle
For an upward look and prayer

On its quick and fevered throbbings
Falls a pressure, soft and strong,
And the breath of rushing pinions
Fans it as they float along.

By a peace when strife is fiercest,
By a strength in hours of pain,
May we know the blessed coming
Of the spirit-band again.

Oh! how could we face the contest,
Brave the foes that we must meet,
Bear the weight of grief, unaided
By angelic comfort sweet?

Soft and silent as the snow flakes,
Lowly sink within the ground,
So these messages of mercy,
Deep within our souls are found.

And as snow flakes are protection
To the blossom frail and fair,
Shielding from the storms of winter,
From its cold and blighting air—

Thus do angel ministrations
Shelter virtue's tender flower,
When the storm-winds of temptation,
Gather all their mighty power.

Heart that dreads to meet the future,
Trembling, wav'ing to and fro—
Thro' the sombre shadows stealing,
Comes a music soft and low.

And a white robed angel lingers
Near the days that are to come,
Saying, "I will guide thee onward,
To a safe and heav'nly home."

WHITE ROSES.

BY ADELAIDE STOUT.

AS still as the kiss of love should be,
The moonlight touches the purity,
Of roses clust'ring near,
And over them falls the dewy time,
How sweet an hour is the eventime,
The voice within to hear.

You'd think an angel's soft brooding wing,
A shadow down on my heart could fling,
As soon as the roses snow;
How dark the shade that the moonlit drift,
Throws down on the weary eyes I lift,
Only my God can know.

Thou'st meekened, proud heart, since yester-morn,
Thine altar burned with unspoken scorn,
For lips that whispered "come,"
Mary is dying alone I ween,
But how can I pass the gulf between,
The pure and fallen one?

"Mary" who sat on the same low seat,
At the village school, and with face so sweet,
Oft bent o'er th' same torn book;
Who trod with us as a little child,
In mossy nooks, where the flowers grow wild,
Or played by rippling brook.

The first to venture and laugh with glee,
At feet that followed but tremblingly,
Where hers were firmly set.
With netted sunbeams upon thy hair,
And merry eyes, and face so fair,
Mary, I see thee yet!

Ah! out too far in the still clear tide,
Thy young feet went, and in stream more wide,
They ventured without fear,
Had'st thou known less of the uncurbed will,
Thy feet had tarried and rested still,
Where waves flow sweet and clear!

* * * * *

Now I'm the pleader, thou wilt not fling
My hand aside as a guilty thing?
'Tis wet with tears I shed!
Thou wilt not think of my woman's pride,
If I dare to speak of the "Crucified?"
I'll speak with bowed head.

Are gathered roses too white and pure?
They will not shrink from her touch I'm sure,
Didst see how th' little child,
At the roses' touch in her heart awoke,
Her brow flashed bright with the flowers of hope
Sweetly the dying smiled.

And kneeling there was it wrong to say,
Love's gate is open for feet to stray?
She fell asleep at morn,
Of quickened vision there was no need,
On peaceful brow of the dead to read,
"Love is better than scorn."

Buffalo Evening Post.

ANGEL CHARLIE.

BY MRS. E. C. JUDSON.

[Written on the birth of a child that did not live.]

HE came—a beauteous vision—
Then vanished from my sight,
His wing one moment cleaving
The blackness of my night:
My glad ear caught its rustle;
Then, sweeping by, he stole
The dewdrop that his coming
Had cherished in my soul.

Oh! he had been my solace
When grief my spirit awayed,
And on his fragile being
Had tender hopes been stayed;
Where thought, where feeling lingered,
His form was sure to glide,
And in the lone night watches
'Twas ever at my side.

He came; but as the blossom
Its petals closes up,
And hides them from the tempest,
Within its sheltering cup,
So he his spirit gathered
Back to his frightened breast,
And passed from earth's grim threshold,
To be the Saviour's guest.

My boy—ah me! the sweetness,
The anguish of that word!—
My boy, when in strange night-dreams
My slumbering soul is stirred,
When music floats around me,
When soft lips touch my brow,
And whisper gentle greetings,
Oh! tell me, is it thou?

I know, by one sweet token,
My Charlie is not dead;
One golden clew he left me,
As on his way he sped.
Were he some gem or blossom,
But fashioned for to-day,
My love would slowly perish
With his dissolving clay.

Oh! by this deathless yearning,
Which is not idly given;
By the delicious nearness
My spirit feels to heaven;
By dreams that throng my night-sleep;
By visions of the day;
By whispers when I'm erring;
By promptings when I pray.—

I know this life so cherished,
Which sprang beneath my heart,
Which formed of my own being
So beautiful a part.—
This precious, winsome creature,
My unfledged, voiceless dove,
Lifts now a seraph's pinion,
And warbles lays of love.

Oh! I would not recall thee,
My glorious angel boy!
Thou needest not my bosom,
Rare bird of light and joy;
Here dash I down the tear-drops,
Still gathering in my eyes,
Blest! oh! how blest! in adding
A seraph to the skies!

THE ALPINE SHEEP.

WHEN on my ear your loss was knelled,
And tender sympathy upburst,
A little spring from memory welled,
Which once had quenched my bitter thirst.
And I was fain to bear to you
A portion of its mild relief,
That it might be as healing dew,
To steal some fever from your grief.

After our child's untroubled breath
Up to the Father took its way,
And on our home the shade of death
Like a long twilight haunting lay,
And friends came 'round with us to weep
Her little spirit's swift remove,
The story of the "Alpine Sheep"
Was told to us by one we love.

They in the valley's sheltering care
Soon crop the meadow's tender prime;
And when the sod grows brown and bare,
The shepherd strives to make them climb
To airy shelves of pasture green,
That hang along the mountain's side,
Where grass and flowers together lean,
And down through mists the sunbeams glide.

But naught can tempt the timid things
The steep and rugged path to try,
Though sweet the shepherd calls and sings,
And seared below the pastures lie,
Till in his arms their lambs he takes,
Along the dizzy verge to go;
Then, heedless of the rifts and breaks,
They follow on o'er rock and snow.

And in those pastures lifted fair,
More dewy soft than lowland mead,
The shepherd drops his tender care,
And sheep and lambs together feed.
This parable by nature breathed
Blew on me, as the south wind free
O'er frozen brooks, that flow unsheathed
From icy thralldom to the sea.

A blissful vision through the night
Would all my happy senses sway,
Of the Good Shepherd on the height,
Or climbing up the starry way,
Holding our little lambs asleep;
When, like the murmur of the sea,
Sounded that voice along the deep,
Saying, "Arise, and follow me!"

AUTUMN.

BY LONGFELLOW.

THOU comest, Autumn, heralded by the rain,
With banners, by great gales incessantly fanned,
Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand,
And stately oxen harnessed to thy wain!
Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne,
Upon thy bridge of gold; thy royal hand
Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land,
Blessing the farms through all thy vast domain!
Thy shield is the red harvest moon, suspended
So long beneath the heaven's o'erhanging eave;
Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers attended;
Like flames upon an altar shine thy sheaves;
And, following thee, in thy ovation splendid,
Thine almoner, the wind, scatters the golden leaves.

GARDENING FOR LADIES.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

WORK FOR SEPTEMBER.

ALL tender house-plants should be housed this month. Re-pot all verbenas, geraniums, fuchsias and heliotropes at the first approach of cold weather. Bring under shelter the oleanders, orange and lemon trees, hydrangeas, and other trees, bushes and plants that frost will injure. Supply the hanging baskets for winter bloom. If it is desirable to save more plants for the coming season than there is room for in the house, put the surplus stock in a warm, dry cellar, and let them remain till spring.

The propagation of plants by cuttings can now be resumed, but it is well to put a layer of old manure in the bottom of the pot or box, to supply the essential bottom heat.

STARTING PLANTS IN WATER.—Oleanders will root readily in water; and cuttings of ivies, solanum, and other herbaceous plants, may be placed in little homeopathic bottles, and suspended by a thread against a sunny window pane.

Now is the time to start ivies for house decoration, further particulars of which will be given in a succeeding number of the HOME MAGAZINE.

The beds of annuals and perennials ought to be now in magnificent bloom.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS will now need stakes. Pot those intended for blooming indoors, as soon as the buds are well formed.

CANNAS.—It is safest to take up cannas now, with the exception of the common *canna indica*. Lay them under a shed, and allow the roots to mature.

BULBS of the spring-blooming kinds which were taken up early in the season, can be re-set the last of this month, or early in the next. Bulbs which bloom in the summer, and which will not bear the frosts of winter, must be removed from the ground as soon as they are done blooming and the leaves have decayed, and should be kept during the winter in dry sand. Among these are the gladiolus and tuberose.

Continue to sow the seeds of perennials as fast as they ripen. Pansies will do better if sown now than at any other season.

SEEDS AND BULBS FOR FALL PLANTING.

WE wish to remind those of our readers who wish a magnificent bloom in their gardens in the early spring months, that they must now be considering the purchase of their bulbs and seeds. September and October are the months for putting these in the ground. Many flower-seeds bloom much earlier and more profusely by being planted in the fall. Among these we may mention as being the easiest to cultivate, candy-tuft, phlox, poppies and pansies. For the latter flowers Mr. Henry A. Dreer, seedsman and florist, Philadelphia, took the first premium this year at the exhibition of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society, and the seeds he offers are of superior quality. For early winter blooming, pansy-seed should be sown in August and September; for spring bloom in October and November.

Mr. Dreer has issued a descriptive catalogue of bulbs, with colored steel-plate, and directions how to cultivate, which he will mail to all who desire it, on receipt of a postage stamp.

SEPTEMBER.

BY JOHN JAMES PIATT.

ALL things are full of life this autumn morn;
The hills seem growing under silver cloud;
A fresher spirit in nature's breast is born;
The woodlands are blowing lustily and loud;
The crows fly, cawing, among the flying leaves;
On sunward-lifted branches struts the jay;
The fluttering brooklet quick and bright receives
Bright frosty silverings slow from ledges gray
Of rock in buoyant sunshine glittering out;
Cold apples drop through orchards mellowing;
'Neath forest-caves quick squirrels laugh and shout;
Farms answer farms as through bright morns of
spring.

And joy, with dancing pulses full and strong,
Joy, everywhere, goes Maying with a song!

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Modern Job, is the suggestive title of a neatly-printed volume of blank verse, with a copy of which its author, Mr. Henry Peterson, has favored us. It is certainly a remarkable production, and one likely to attract considerable attention. There is more originality and independence of thought about it than one usually finds in a new book now-a-days. It grapples the most intricate problems of both speculative and practical religion, with a boldness which certain persons may characterize as audacity, if they should use no harsher term, and displays a spirit of free inquiry which may shock some sensitive minds, but

which appears to us to be governed by a profound feeling of respect and veneration for divine truth. Mr. Peterson has evidently given much earnest thought to the solution of these problems, and the results of his reflections have been embodied in the striking and vigorous poem before us. Without giving our assent to all the views it advances, we can yet recommend it to the thoughtful and dispassionate, we will not say unprejudiced, reader, who will find it neither unprofitable nor uninteresting. For sale in Philadelphia by H. Peterson & Co. Price \$1.50.

H. H. & T. W. Carter, of Boston, have sent us with a

copy of their "Half Dollar Edition" of Mrs. Struss's *Feminine Soul*, a book we have already spoken favorably of. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

From Loring, Poston, through Porter & Coates, Philadelphia, we have *A Week in a French Country-House, Medusa and Other Tales*, by Mrs. Adelaide (Kemble) Sartoris. This, we presume, is a new edition of a collection of pleasant stories, which were received with great favor on their first appearance.

A book calculated, probably, to create some little sensation among certain classes of readers, has just been published for the author, Samuel D. Greene, by H. H. & T. W. Carter, of Boston. It is entitled *The Broken Seal; or, Personal Reminiscences of the Morgan Abduction and Murder*. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The Caged Lion, a Novel, by Charlotte M. Yonge, is one of the best of its author's always very acceptable productions. Miss Yonge writes in a strong, nervous, and remarkable pure English style, and her books never lack in interest. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co. D. Appleton & Co., New York, are the publishers.

We have received from Porter & Coates, *Antonia*, a Novel, by George Sand, translated by Virginia Vaughan, and published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

ALLIBONE'S DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH AUTHORS.

We copy from the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* this comprehensive notice of Dr. Allibone's great work, the second volume of which has just been given to the public by J. B. Lippincott & Co.:

Two noble volumes are now gracing the shelves of most of our libraries, public and private, that no lover of books can look into without a longing desire to possess them. They are treasuries of English Literature, without which no collection of books in our mother tongue can be considered in any way satisfactory. They contain what can be possessed in no other way than by the ownership of whole libraries of books. They embrace the results of half a lifetime of the most patient, painstaking, discriminating labor of a most intelligent and scholarly man, to whom the arduous task has been a labor of love, or it never could have been done at all.

The two volumes to which these strong words of eulogy are applied, are volumes I and II of Dr. S. Austin Allibone's *Critical Dictionary of English Literature*, or "Dictionary of Authors," the second volume having been published a few weeks ago. When the first was placed before the reading world, just prior to the recent war, it was regarded not only as a marvel of exhaustive research, but was welcomed with delight by men of letters wherever the English language is spoken, as the book of books, for which scholars had been looking and longing, but which none of them ever expected to see; for such a work seemed to be beyond the power of any one man, and far too great to be accomplished within the limits of a single life. And when the first volume did come, showing what a "priceless" boon the completed work would be, they were immediately beset by fears that it could never be finished. That was in 1858-60; the volume then published, containing the names and the titles of the works of all "British and American" authors living and deceased, from the earliest accounts to the latter half of the Nineteenth Century," whose names were embraced between the letters A and J inclusive. Nor was this a mere "Dictionary" or "Index" of names and titles, or bare chronology of dates of publication. In all cases where the subject would admit of such elaboration, there were sketches of the authors, embracing precious little

pieces of personal and literary history, descriptions of their works, and the very essence of the criticism that had been passed upon them, in the words of the critics themselves. Nor was the phrase in the title which claims that the book embraces British and American authors, "living and deceased, from the earliest accounts to the latter half of the nineteenth century," mere unmeaning or exaggerating words, such as are too often used in framing titles to books. In this case the promise of the title had been fulfilled to the uttermost. There were the authors, from the early Saxon, Cædmon, in 680, down to those of our own day, in our own city, embracing all accessible writers, from the publisher of a twenty-page monograph to the great author who published as many royal quartos. The volume was "a gigantic Index Remum," and it was not at all surprising that the men of letters, who understood the enormous labor and research required in the preparation of such a work, feared that it could never be completed.

But now we have the second volume, bringing the subject matter down to the end of the letter "S," in all respects equal to the promise of volume I. The two published volumes contain 2326 large octavo double column pages, and these with the third, now in press, embrace an amount of matter equal to forty octavo volumes such as those of Bancroft's *History of the United States*. In the two volumes before us, we find the full proportions of the "thirty thousand biographies and literary notices" referred to in the title, leaving for the third and final volume the authors from "T" to "Z," and the "forty indexes of subjects"—indexes so copious and comprehensive as to enable the reader or the student to find with ease any fact or event in the history of literature in the English tongue.

It is most difficult to do justice to such a work in the brief terms we are obliged to use. The foremost idea all the time is, how any man could have the courage to undertake it, and the sustained patience to carry it through to completion—the stupendous mass of authorities to be examined, the never-ending still beginning search through the literature of thirteen centuries, the catalogues of all libraries, the price lists and advertisements of all publishers, the references to endless bibliographical notices, transient publications, reviews, magazines, periodicals, and printed matter of every kind—the minute and painful verification of proper names, titles, facts and dates—the conscientious search for the most obscure works of almost unknown authors, as well as for the illustrious names in our literature—all this merely makes the "wonder grow" in turning over the pages of these two volumes. We find a range of titles in volume II, from "Starr, John M. D.," whose two medical papers, in 1750, are recorded in two lines, to the grand article on Shakspeare, which fills fifty pages, and equals in quantity of matter the contents of a two hundred page duodecimo. How will it ever pay the author for his life of labor? His book, in all probability, will be a monument more enduring than any "storied urn" in Westminster Abbey; but that is posthumous profit, highly prized, it is true, by men of genius and ambition, but which does not go far in replenishing a bank account, or in making "both ends meet," during the long years consumed in such work. But this author has been fortunate in his publisher, and in the same appreciative spirit which prompted the dedication of his first volume to his then publisher, he dedicates the second and the third "To my friend, Joshua B. Lippincott, whose enterprise enables me to give to the world the completion of this work."

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

MADAME DE SEVIGNÉ'S TIMES.*

One puts down these wonderful letters of the witty Frenchwoman with a smile, but a sigh is forever drifting across the smile, like breath's cold, gray mist across the morning sunbeams. Looking into the dazzling colors of these pages, with eyes that can read them aright, one finds here, just the old story of human life over again, the drama acted this time, it is true, on lofty, historic heights. But for all that, it is only the play so many thousand years older than Shakespeare's. It is just human life again, with its foibles and faults, with its ten thousand fool's chases for power, and place, and prestige, its jostlings and pushings, its mean jealousies, its paltry envies, its rivalries and heart-burnings, all that is poor, and mean, and ignoble on one side; on the other, again, what is best, and tenderest, and loftiest in this human nature of ours. The noble heroisms, the courage that looked death bravely in the face; the love that faltered at no loss nor sacrifice; all take their turn in this mirror of two centuries ago, held up to our view by the fair hand of the titled and gifted Frenchwoman.

They were seething, tumultuous times, in which she lived—you remember them. That marvellous court of *Louis the Fourteenth*: was then in the morning glow and bloom of its pride and splendor. An atmosphere of Asiatic pomp and luxury, with an organization half Roman in its genius and stringency of etiquette, while the Latin and Teutonic races brought to the age and time that wonderful development of intellectual energies and æsthetic genius which so enriched this era.

It flowered in drama, in art, in poetry, in sculpture; its sunshine ripened broad harvest-fields of philosophy; it threw such lustre and radiance around the court and throne of the "Grand Monarque," that the world still holds its breath while it gazes, and its eyes, the eyes of this nineteenth century, even, are a little dazzled at the reflection, and the whole seems the dear old tale of—

"The golden prime
Of good Haroun al Raschid."

In this enchanted atmosphere, amid the most brilliant men and women of the court, or of any other, for the world has never seen the like, and, after all, thank God! it never can again. Madame de Sevigné moved, one of its most graceful and interesting figures. What times those were! What names crowd along those pages, hurriedly thrown off by the hand of the mother, for the absent daughter, for whose sake they fairly ache and throb with their passion of tenderness. Almost every line has a historic value. They are living, breathing men and women here, and we share their joys and sorrows, and almost stand in awe ourselves at the great central figure, whose frown or whose smile is life or death, and for whom all this glory and beauty are gathered together, and who brought down upon his race and his nation the slow, sure curse of the gods. And we almost hearken through the piping and the dancing for the first low, distant mutterings of the thunder, for the French

revolution was only a little more than a century behind!

There was something beside dancing to flutes in those days even! There was Fouquet, poor Fouquet! you remember. One cannot help pitying him, and fancying he was more sinned against than sinning. No wonder his head grew giddy under such a weight of honors, and if he did "feather his own nest," he at least did no more than the monarch who took such cruel revenge on his old friend and host.

One sees the man going from his cell in the Bastille, and turning and smiling on his friends, and remembers only the long, dreary imprisonment at Bignerol, and the brave heart that was so very long in breaking.

Then there is *La Vallière*, young, beautiful, gracious, tender. Martin says truly of her: "She was not the mistress but the lover of Louis the Fourteenth."

What a pathetic history hers is, followed to its last sad close in the Carmelite Convent, that female *La Trappe*! "When the life of a Carmelite appears too severe to me, I have only to recall to mind what those persons made me suffer," she said, pointing to the King and *Madame de Montespan*.

Haughty, dominant, insolent, the ruling mistress had her long day of pride and power. But it came to an end at last, and the fiery, passionate heart had its turn, too, to be wrung bitterly as it had wrung others'.

Last, but not least, comes Madame de Maintenon. This woman, calm, gracious, dignified, never ruffled, never perplexed, is a perpetually baffling study.

How in the world did the homeless widow of Scarron, the lame, comic poet, manage to get such a power over the haughtiest of kings? manage to make herself his wife? his, Louis the Fourteenth's? and to maintain herself in his regard to the latest hour of his life, when that life, too, was going out, an old man's in disappointment and defeat?

"I feel less regret at leaving you, because I expect to meet you so soon again!" said Louis the Fourteenth, on his dying bed, to *Madame de Maintenon*.

Ah, the dying monarch had something else to meet on the other side! There was the long muster-roll of his victims, who had been hunted to death by the revocation of the edict of *Nantes*. There were the hosts, too, of his own subjects, starved by tens of thousands to build his palaces and deck his mistresses. There were millions slaughtered to gratify his ambitions and revenges. And yet, unmindful of all these, this man could talk comfortably and sentimentally on his death-bed, about meeting *Madame de Maintenon* in heaven!

But that was at least a couple of decades after Madame de Sevigné put her name to the last of her long series of letters, and when she did this, Louis the Fourteenth was in the fervid summer-noon of his pride and prosperity.

How the rapid lines quiver and sparkle with life and wit! They have kept, like old wine, their choice flavor, through a couple of centuries. What cabinet pictures of great historic characters, are dashed off by this rapid, glowing pen.

We see *James the Second* discrowned, and awkward, and garrulous, at St. Germain, whether monarch or man, cutting a mean, miserable figure always, and

* Letters of Madame de Sevigné, by Mrs. Hale. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

his beautiful Italian wife, *Mary of Modena*, is by his side, with her sorrowful face and her royal mien, and in her arms she carries

"The heir of the Isles."

The innocent little head, born in the purple, and yet it carries the awful doom of the Stuarts! It is to pay, through long, homeless years of wandering and hope deferred, the heaped debt of their crime and cruelty. Better, after all, that it had perished in that dismal midnight fight across the stormy channel.

With all her vivacity and sweetness, her clear intellect, the wit, like the flash of sabres, and that might have slashed like them, also, had it not been for the soft heart underneath, what a good Frenchwoman, *Madame de Sevigné* is!

How devoutly she worshipped the star of *Louis the Fourteenth*, and believed in the divine right of kings.

One can afford to smile at her talk now, over the *Prince of Orange*, and that "Modern Sullia," his young wife, who followed her husband's fortunes with such brave devotion, and through all the fates, went on quietly spinning—such different patterns from *Madame de Sevigné's* fancies.

Amid drooping banners, and funeral marches, and the tears of a mighty nation, we follow the great soldier, *Turenne*, to his last rest. We wander through the blaze of splendor of *Versailles*, or the moon-light loveliness of *Trianon*, we sit at *St. Cyr*, in those palmy days when the monarch and all his court went to see the young pupils perform *Racine's* wonderful drama of *Ether*. And we are silent and wonderfully enjoyable spectators of that little side-scene, when the king actually went over to *Madame de Sevigné*, and, in the presence of all his court, addressed two or three remarks to her!

What a fuss the whole audience made over it! What a buzz of wonder and curiosity there was over that very simple act!

Yet how naturally the woman took the vast honor, and related it a little while afterward, to her daughter.

Ah, well! Times have changed since then, and the world has staggered and stumbled into something better during these last two hundred years.

This, after all, is the great lesson which these letters teach! We turn away from their limpid mirror with a long-drawn breath of reverent thankfulness, that the new times are better than the old!

The splendid court, the "Grande Monarque," the beautiful women, the gay and haughty cavaliers, all the pomp and glory are gone as everything, whether it be joy or sorrow, good or evil, goes in a little while from this world!

Louis the Fourteenth lived, at least, long enough to reap, in a partial measure, the harvest he had sown; reaped loss, and defeat, and misery, that bowed him, hard, haughty, arrogant as he was, to the dust, and at last he too went to his own place.

And less than twenty years after he lay dead, amid all the mocking splendor of *Versailles*, there was born, far off, in an old homestead, among the green wildernesses of *Virginia*, a boy. The most that could honestly be said of his parents at that time was, everybody knew them for respectable and worthy people; and to this boy, opening his eyes first in the still old homestead on *Bridge's Creek*, his parents gave the name of *GEORGE WASHINGTON*.

A hundred years later, and who would have exchanged the name of the son of the unknown *Virginia* pioneer for that of "Louis the Grande Monarque," of the times of *Madame de Sevigné*?

V. F. T.

MR. DICKENS.

In his sermon upon the death of Mr. Dickens, Dean Stanley read the following extract from his will, dated May 12th, 1869.

"I direct that my name be inscribed in plain English letters on my tomb. . . . I enjoin my friends on no account to make me the subject of any monument, memorial, or testimonial whatever. . . . I rest my claims to the remembrance of my country upon my published works, and the remembrance of my friends upon their experience of me in addition thereto. . . . I commit my soul to the mercy of God, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and I exhort my dear children to try and guide themselves by the teaching of the New Testament in its broad spirit, and to put no faith in any man's narrow construction of its letter."

"In that simple but sufficient faith," said the Dean, "Charles Dickens lived and died. In that faith he would have you all live and die also; and, if any of you have learnt from his words the eternal value of generosity, purity, kindness, and unselfishness, and to carry them out in action, those are the best 'monuments, memorials, and testimonials' which you, his fellow-countrymen, can raise to his memory."

A NEW TEA FIRM.

Two ladies of New York are about to give us a practical solving of the "woman question," that many persons will watch with interest. They have entered into partnership for the importation and sale of tea. Of this firm, *Madame Demorest*, the Editress of *Demorest's Mirror of Fashion*, and a lady well known as possessing superior and energetic business capabilities, is the resident partner. "Her colleague," says the *New York World*, "is Miss Susan A. King, a maiden lady of mature years and ripe discretion, whose immense fortune has been made solely by her own shrewdness, industry, business tact, and management. For years she has been one of the largest real estate operators in New York City, and has the confidence of some of the wisest and soundest of our business men. The new firm commence with a capital of half a million, and Miss King is already on her way to China (via San Francisco), where she intends to make an attempt to explore the interior, select better brands of tea than are usually sent to this country, buy a plantation of her own, and set a thousand Chinamen to work. The first cargo of selected tea is expected to arrive before Christmas, and will be consigned to *Mme. Demorest*." These ladies have our best wishes in their undertaking, as we hope it may prove profitable to themselves, and beneficial to the public.

"WOMAN'S RIGHTS" PAPERS.

EDITOR ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE:—I take this method of making an inquiry, and would like to receive the desired information through the columns of the HOME MAGAZINE. I wish to know how many journals there are in the United States exclusively devoted to the Woman Question, and their names. Also, the address and terms of each, and which you would advise a woman to subscribe for, if she took but one. In answering these questions, you may possibly oblige others as well as

Yours, Truly,

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

We cannot give a complete answer to this question, but will comply with our correspondent's wish so far as our information goes.

The Revolution is published in New York City, at

two dollars a year. It was recently edited by Mrs. E. C. Stanton and Miss Susan B. Anthony. Mrs. Laura Curtis Bullard is the present editor, while all subscriptions and business letters must be addressed to Edwin A. Studwell, Publisher, Box 2705, New York city. This is the organ of the Union Woman's Suffrage Society, of which Theodore Tilton, editor of the *Independent*, is President. *The Revolution* is a sprightly little sheet, and numbers among its occasional contributors, Alice Cary, Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, Eleanor Kirk, Virginia F. Townsend, Mrs. Paulina Wright Davis, Mrs. Kate N. Doggett, and Emily Faithful, Editress of the *Victoria Magazine*, published in London, England.

The *Woman's Journal* is published in Boston and Chicago, with Mrs. Mary A. Livermore as editor, and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Lucy Stone, Henry B. Blackwell and T. W. Higginson as associate editors. To this paper Celia Burleigh is a regular and Mrs. F. D. Gage an occasional contributor. It contains earnest and able articles on the "Woman Question," and keeps its readers posted on what women are doing. Its terms are \$3 per annum.

The *Woman's Advocate* is or was published at Dayton, Ohio, but who are its editors and what are its terms we cannot tell.

There is also a *Woman's Rights Paper* issued in San Francisco, Cal., but we have never seen a copy and forget its name.

Mesdames Woodhull & Claflin's *Weekly* cannot strictly be numbered among women's rights journals, though its publishers are women who "know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain."

Nor can Mrs. Myra B. Bradwell's *Legal News*, published at Chicago, be placed in this category, though its editress is an advocate of female suffrage, and does not hesitate to express her views through the columns of her paper.

ADVICE TO AMATEUR WRITERS.

The *Christian Union* publishes an excellent article on "Amateur Authorship," from which we extract the following:

"How shall I know whether I have the capacity to write or not?"

"At least you can demand strong proof before believing that you have! Understand, we are not speaking of occasional communications, but of authorship as a habit. Do you really think yourself capable of instructing or amusing thousands of people; of doing this repeatedly, continually; of producing brain-work equal to that of the strong, cultivated, original minds that are constantly giving their best products to the press? Perhaps you are, but be slow to believe it!"

"The golden rule is, never to write simply for the sake of writing. If you are full of some subject of general interest, if you have something in you which 'will not stay unsaid,' say it. Whether it ever reaches any but yourself or not, the act of expression will have done you good rather than harm. Its product will have a certain intrinsic value, the great first merit of honesty and earnestness. If 'the world' ever cares to hear you, it will be through that which you have said under such an impulse. Writing from the fullness of your heart, with the first thought for your subject and only the second for yourself, you will not be heart-broken if you win no personal success. If you keep on writing in that spirit, outward success may come; inward good there will be at any rate. But shun laborious effort at brilliancy; never

write primarily that you may yourself be heard. That way lies disappointment—harm to yourself, and no good to others."

STIMULANTS.—Speaking of these, Dr. Hall, in his *Journal of Health*, says:

"There is no such thing as a good stimulant, so there can be no best stimulant. Stimulants are all bad. What is a stimulant? It is a poison. To stimulate means to goad, to excite. Alcohol is a stimulant. When alcohol is taken into the stomach the vital powers, recognizing it as a poison, are excited to resist it and throw it out, which they do with all the force they are capable of exerting, and this action to rid the system of poison is stimulation. Stimulation is really poisoning, and nothing else; therefore, if there is a best poison, there is a best stimulant."

MISS GARRETT, the American lady who lately finished a course of study at the University of Medicine in Paris, and succeeded, despite all opposition, in obtaining a diploma, has been regularly licensed as a "doctress" in that city, and is said to be overruled with patients. Thus slowly but surely is woman winning her way into the professions, and many branches of business from which social prejudices have hitherto debarred her.

HOMŒOPATHY.

This school of medicine has made such rapid progress in the last twenty years, that a company of capitalists in this country, some four years ago, organized a LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY at Cleveland, Ohio, on a Homœopathic basis. They are insuring the lives of Homœopaths at TWENTY PER CENT. less than those treated by any other system. We believe that this Company stands second to none in the country, and would advise all persons desiring insurance to consider the special advantages offered by this Company before they insure elsewhere. Philadelphia office, S. W. corner Broad and Chestnut streets; J. A. Cloud, M. D., manager.

NEW YORK WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE.

We have received the circular of the Woman's Medical College of New York city, making their annual announcement. The class of 1870 numbered twenty-six ladies, of whom five graduated. For particulars regarding this college, its course of instruction, terms, etc., students may apply by letter to Dr. Emily Blackwell, Secretary of the Faculty, 128 Second Avenue, New York city.

Lady physicians are making headway against the strong opposition which a majority of the profession have maintained against them. Prejudice is gradually being overcome, and we venture to predict that twenty years from now it will be a matter of wonder that there was any dispute or hesitation about admitting them into the profession.

The *Medical Gazette*, after a valiant contest against recognizing women as entitled to a position in the medical profession, has at last yielded. Referring to objections against women as physicians, the *Gazette*, while still believing that few possess the necessary power of physical endurance, admits that the objection that immodesty necessarily attends the female physician is incorrect. It says:

But all of these objections have been individually refuted by a few who, like Miss Garrett, in England, and

one or two whom we might name here, have shown that it is at least possible for a modest, womanly woman to achieve a useful and honorable career in medicine. To those of our brethren who dogmatically float "female physis" on "general principles" we would hint that submission to the inevitable is the part of wisdom, and that individual capacity must henceforth be our criterion for judgment, unbiased either by prejudice on the one hand or by gallant leniency on the other: to our fair competitors who resolve to try their lances in an exceedingly arduous battle, lay aside their sex's claim to tender consideration, and ask only "a fair field and no favor," we can assure grudging praise if they are victors, and little pity if they fail. To the great body of male applicants for enrollment in our ranks, we offer an adjuration to profit by the instruction afforded them as industriously as has, at least, one of those whose claims to recognition it is the fashion to perhaps underrate; and, finally, to our new colleague herself we tender a welcome to our profession, and this recantation in her behalf of much that we have heretofore said.

OUR POETS.

In a recent editorial we stated that literature could not be relied upon as a highway to wealth; and made the further assertion that very few, if any, of our poets or novelists depended upon their pens, alone, for the means of a livelihood. We have since met with a statement of the property of the American poets, and how, in each case, it was acquired. Though these are the poets *par excellence* of America, it will be seen that, in every case, a portion of their property has been inherited, or else some other occupation has been united to that of poet. In not a single instance is the man a poet by profession:

"Bryant is reputed worth \$500,000, made chiefly by journalism; Longfellow is estimated at \$300,000, the gift of his father-in-law, Nathan Appleton, beside the very considerable profits of his poems; Holmes is rated at \$100,000, hereditary property, increased by lecturing and literature; Whittier, who lives frugally, is worth \$30,000, inherited and earned by his popular pen; Saxe is reputed worth \$70,000, inherited and earned in law, lecturing, and literature; Lowell is said to be worth \$30,000, or \$40,000, hereditary and acquired in his chair as professor in Harvard College; Boker is rich by inheritance, and worth, probably, \$100,000; Bayard Taylor is a man of independent property—the profits of his literature, lecturing, and dividends from his New York *Tribune* stock."

ALAS for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play;
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth, to flesh and sense unknown,
That life is ever lord of death,
And love can never lose its own.

WHITTIER.

THOSE who in the day of sorrow have owned God's presence in the cloud will find him also in the pillar of fire, brightening and cheering the abode as night comes on.

THERE is only one thing worse than ignorance, and that is conceit. Of all intractable fools, an otherwise man is the worst.

MARRIED WOMEN.

THEY HAVE NO RIGHTS IN ENGLAND.

In England, at the present time, says *All the Year Round*, a married woman, so far as the possession of property is concerned, is, in the eye of the law, simply a non-existent person. At common law there is but one person in a matrimonial partnership, and that person is the husband. Under this singular system a wife, on her marriage, is supposed to make her husband an absolute gift of all her personal property. He may do what he likes with it, and she has no sort of claim upon it from the moment of the marriage. If she be fortunate enough to be possessed of real estate as a spinster, it will avail her little in her changed condition. The husband is entitled to receive the rents and profits of the wife's estates, and to spend them as he pleases. There is, obviously, a little mistake in the marriage service somewhere. It is, in fact, the wife who endows her husband with all her worldly goods. It is true that the husband professes to endow the wife, but that is nothing but a pleasant fiction, a merry little jest. This irresponsible power which the man enjoys over the woman's property applies not only to such property as she may have brought with her at her marriage, but to anything and everything she may acquire afterwards. The wife, being a nobody in law, is incapable of entering into a contract; she cannot sue or be sued, and is, consequently, quite unable, legally, to earn anything whatever. If she work for wages, the wages are her husband's. If she writes a book she has nothing to do with the profits. If she paint a picture the price of it is not her own. And here is one of the most fertile sources of hardship! here is the tyranny of man, of which we hear so much, unmistakably, for once. The bad husbands, there is no doubt, have it all their own way.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—I can inform any one interested of hundreds of Wheeler & Wilson Machines of twelve years' wear, that to-day are in *better working condition than one entirely new*. I have often driven one of them at a speed of eleven hundred stitches a minute. I have repaired fifteen different kinds of Sewing Machines, and I have found yours to wear better than any others. With ten years' experience in Sewing Machines of different kinds, yours has stood the most and the severest test for durability and simplicity.

Geo. L. CLARK.

Lyndenville, N. Y.

EDUCATION does not commence with the alphabet; it begins with a mother's look; a father's nod of approbation, or his sign of reproof; with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble act of forbearance; with a handful of flowers in green and daisy meadows; with a bird's nest admired but not touched; with pleasant walks in shady lanes; and with thoughts directed, in sweet and kindly tones and words, to nature, to beauty, to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue, and to the source of all good—to God himself!

BAD thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers; for we keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. The cup that is full will hold no more; keep your hearts full of good thoughts, that bad thoughts may find no room to enter.

ear
n of
im-
is
hat
em
aus-
He
t of
If
es-
ged
the
end
mis-
i, in
her
sses
sant
ower
y ap-
have
and
wife,
into a
onse-
what-
hus-
to do
of it
ertile
an, of
The
r own

ne in-
bines
orking
riven
hes a
nds of
wear
rience
rs has
ability
ARE.

habet:
of ap-
s gen-
act of
en and
but not
s; and
tones
penevo-
s of all

ons and
acts, but
The cup
arts full
no room

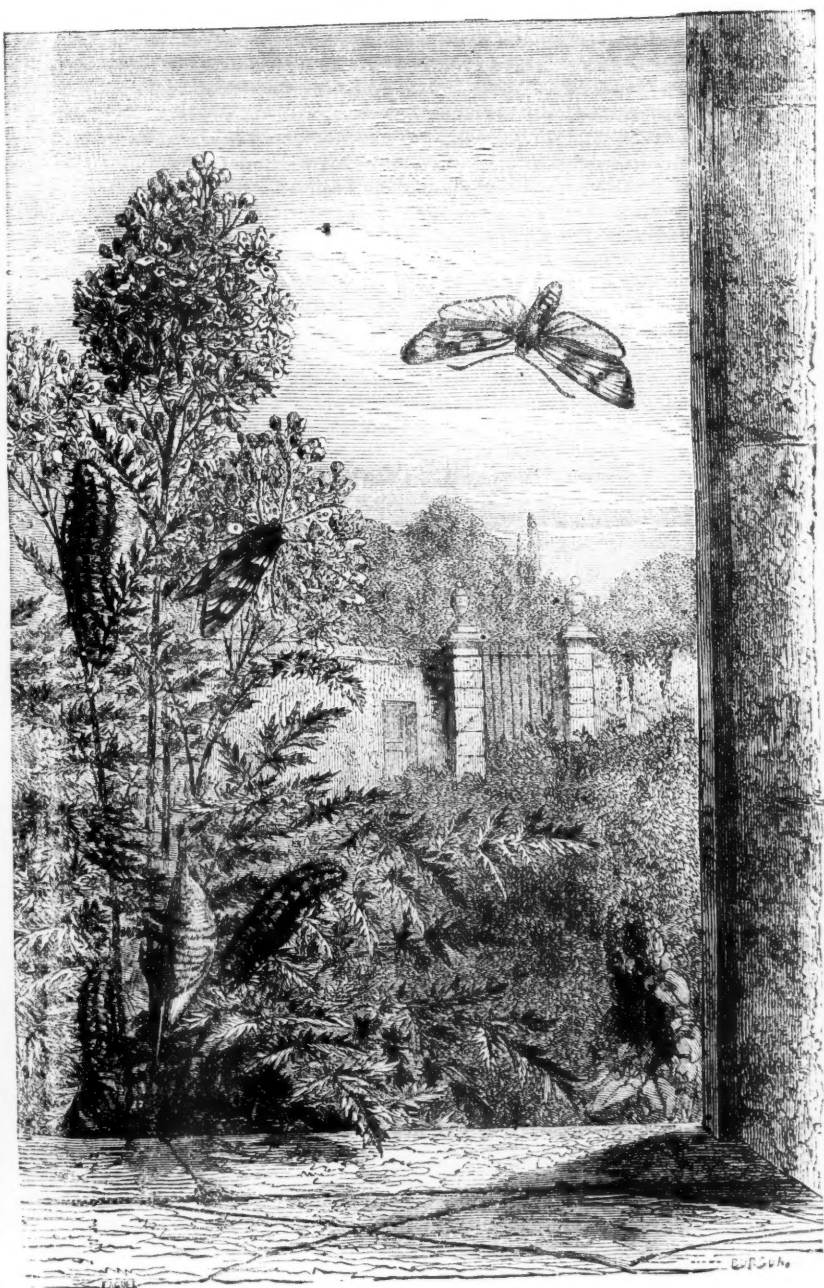


THE INTERESTING BOOK.





Dress of brown silk, made with one skirt, and a casaque forming the skirt is trimmed with three plaited ruffles, headed by narrow satin, so corded with satin. Black lace bonnet, trimmed with scarlet flowers.



BURNET MOTH.



A
naise
high
The
about

No
han
No
point



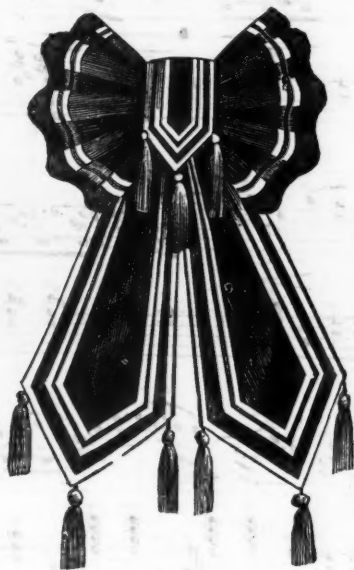
CECELIA BLOUSE.

A favorite style of linen overdress, very much used this season for travelling. The front is cut in the Polonaise style, and the back forms a square basque, with the full skirt sewed on a band underneath. It is cut high in the neck, with the revers set on, so that it can be worn, on occasion, without any waist underneath. The trimming consists of bias bands of linen, with brown alpaca braid stretched at either edge, so as to show about one-half its width beyond the bands.



No. 1.

SASH BOW OF PLAID AND VELVET.



No. 2.

BLACK VELVET SASH.

No. 1. Butterfly bow of plaid velvet with a white ground, black velvet traverse between the loops, and two black hanging loops below; the plaid ends terminate with fringe. The bow to each of these sashes is ten inches wide.
No. 2. Black velvet sash—forming two fan-shaped coquilles at the sides. These are crossed by a band that is pointed at the bottom; the sash ends are likewise pointed. The trimmings are gold braid and gold tassels.

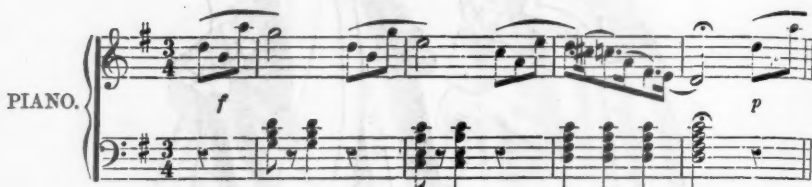
Music selected by J. A. GETZE.

THE BELLES OF PHILADELPHIA.

POLKA MAZURKA.

BY PAUL SENTZ.

PIANO.



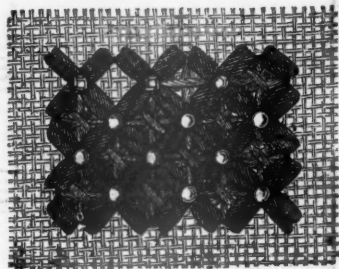
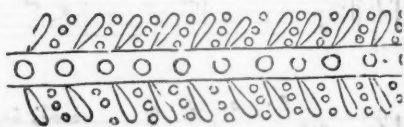
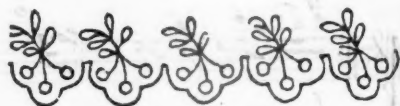
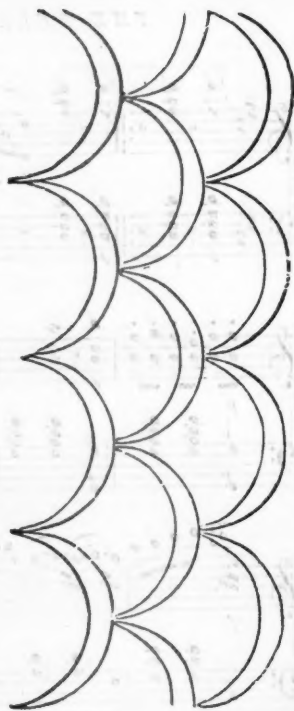
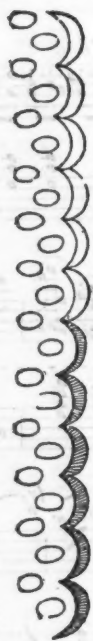
POLKA MAZURKA.



[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1870, by W. H. BORRA & Co. in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

1. 2. **TRO.**
p *f* *cres.*
p *cres.*
f *tr.*
f *tr.*
p
1. 2. *f*

This musical score is for a piece titled "The Belles of Philadelphia," page 193. It is written for piano and features a vocal line labeled "TRO." (Trio). The score is organized into six systems, each with a vocal staff and a piano accompaniment staff. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 3/4. The first system includes first and second endings for the vocal line. Dynamics include piano (*p*), forte (*f*), and crescendo (*cres.*). The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes. The score concludes with first and second endings for the piano part, marked with a final double bar line and repeat sign.



PATTERNS FOR EMBROIDERY.